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LAURA E. RICHARDS

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN JANUARY," "MELODY,"
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TO THE

Dear and Honored Memory of my Father,

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

Thy voice comes down the rolling years
Like ring of steel on steel;
With it I hear the tramp of steeds,
And the trumpet's silver peal.

I see thee ride thy fearless way,
With steadfast look intent,
God's servant, still by night and day,
On his high errand bent.

Thy lance lay ever in the rest
'Gainst tyranny and wrong.
Thy steed was swift, thine aim was sure,
Thy sword was keen and strong.

But were the fainting to be raised,
The sorrowing comforted, —
The warrior vanished, and men saw
An angel stoop instead.

O soldier Father! dear I hold
Thine honored name to-day;
Thy high soul draws mine eyes above,
And beacons me the way.

And when my heart beats quick to learn
Some deed of high emprise,
I almost see the answering flash
That lightens from thine eyes.

I greet thee fair! I bless thee dear!
And here, in token meet,
I pluck these buds from memory's wreath,
And lay them at thy feet.

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GREEN PEACE.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

CHAPTER I.

OURSELVES.

THERE were five of us. There had been six, but the Beautiful Boy was taken home to heaven while he was still very little; and it was good for the rest of us to know that there was always one to wait for and welcome us in the Place of Light to which we should go some day. So, as I said, there were five of us here,—Julia Romana, Florence, Harry, Laura, and Maud. Julia was the eldest. She took her second name from the ancient city in which she was born, and she was as beautiful as a soft Italian evening,—with dark hair, clear gray eyes, perfect features, and a complexion of such pure and wonderful red and white as I have never

seen in any other face. She had a look as if when she came away from heaven she had been allowed to remember it, while others must forget; and she walked in a dream always, of beauty and poetry, thinking of strange things. Very shy she was, very sensitive. When Flossy (this was Florence's home name) called her "a great red-haired giant," she wept bitterly, and reproached her sister for hurting her feelings. Julia knew everything, according to the belief of the younger children. What story was there she could not tell? She it was who led the famous before-breakfast walks, when we used to start off at six o'clock and walk to the Yellow Chases' (we never knew any other name for them; it was the house that was yellow, not the people) at the top of the long hill, or sometimes even to the windmill beyond it, where we could see the miller at work, all white and dusty, and watch the white sails moving slowly round. And on the way Julia told us stories, from Scott or Shakspere; or gave us the plot of some opera, "Ernani" or "Trovatore," with

snatches of song here and there. "Ai nostri monti ritornaremo," whenever I hear this familiar air ground out by a hand-organ, everything fades from my eyes save a long white road fringed with buttercups and wild marigolds, and five little figures, with rosy hungry faces, trudging along, and listening to the story of the gypsy queen and her stolen troubadour.

Julia wrote stories herself, too, — very wonderful stories, we all thought, and, indeed, I think so still. She began when she was a little girl, not more than six or seven years old. There lies beside me now on the table a small book, about five inches square, bound in faded pink and green, and filled from cover to cover with writing in a cramped, childish hand. It is a book of novels and plays, written by our Julia before she was ten years old; and I often think that the beautiful and helpful things she wrote in her later years were hardly more remarkable than these queer little romances. They are very sentimental; no child of eight, save perhaps Marjorie Flem-

ing, was ever so sentimental as Julia,—"Leonora Mayre; A Tale," "The Lost Suitor," "The Offers." I must quote a scene from the last-named play.

SCENE I.

Parlor at MRS. EVANS'S. FLORENCE EVANS *alone.*

Enter ANNIE.

A. Well, Florence, Bruin is going to make an offer, I suppose.

F. Why so?

A. Here 's a pound of candy from him. He said he had bought it for you, but on arriving he was afraid it was too trifling a gift; but hoping you would not throw it away, he requested me to give it to that virtuous young lady, as he calls you.

F. Well, I am young, but I did not know that I was virtuous.

A. I think you are.

SCENE II.

Parlor. MR. BRUIN *alone.*

MR. B. Why does n't she come? She does n't usually keep me waiting.

Enter FLORENCE.

F. How do you do? I am sorry to have kept you waiting.

MR. B. I have not been here more than a few minutes. Your parlor is so warm this cold day that I could wait. [*Laughs.*

F. You sent me some candy the other day which I liked very much.

MR. B. Well, you liked the candy; so I pleased you. Now you can please me. I don't care about presents; I had rather have something that can love me. You.

F. I do not love you. [*Exit* MR. BRUIN.

SCENE III.

FLORENCE *alone.* *Enter* MR. CAS.

F. How do you do?

MR. C. Very well.

F. It is a very pleasant day.

MR. C. Yes. It would be still pleasanter if you will be my bride. I want a respectful refusal, but prefer a cordial acception.

F. You can have the former. [*Exit* MR. CAS.

SCENE IV.

FLORENCE *with* MR. EMERSON.

MR. E. I love you, Florence. You may not love me, for I am inferior to you; but tell me

whether you do or not. If my hopes are true, let me know it, and I shall not be doubtful any longer. If they are not, tell me, and I shall not expect any more.

F. They are. [*Exit* MR. EMERSON.

The fifth scene of this remarkable drama is laid in the church, and is very thrilling. The stage directions are brief, but it is evident from the text that as Mr. Emerson and his taciturn bride advance to the altar, Messrs. Cas and Bruin, "to gain some private ends," do the same. The Bishop is introduced without previous announcement.

SCENE V.

BISHOP. Are you ready?

MR. B. Yes.

BISHOP. Mr. Emerson, are you ready?

MR. C. Yes.

BISHOP. Mr. Emerson, I am waiting.

BRUIN *and* CAS [*together*]. So am I.

MR. E. I am ready. But what have these men to do with our marriage?

MR. B. Florence, I charge you with a breach of promise. You said you would be my bride.

F. I did not.

MR. C. You promised me.

F. When?

MR. C. A month ago. You said you would marry me.

MR. B. A fortnight ago you promised me. You said we would be married to-day.

MR. C. Bishop, what does this mean? Florence Evans promised to marry me, and this very day was fixed upon. And see how false she has been! She has, as you see, promised both of us, and now is going to wed this man.

BISHOP. But Mr. Emerson and Miss Evans made the arrangements with me; how is it that neither of you said anything of it beforehand?

MR. C. I forgot.

MR. B. So did I. [F. *weeps.*

Enter ANNIE.

A. I thought I should be too late to be your bridesmaid, but I find I am in time. But I thought you were to be married at half-past four, and it is five by the church clock.

MR. E. We should have been married by this time, but these men say that Florence has promised to marry them. Is it true, Florence?

F. No. [BESSY, *her younger sister, supports her.*

A. It is n't true, for you know, Edward Bruin, that you and I are engaged; and Mr. Cas and Bessy have been for some time. And both engagements have been out for more than a week.

[BESSY *looks reproachfully at* CAS.

B. Why, Joseph Cas!

BISHOP. Come, Mr. Emerson! I see that Mr. Cas and Mr. Bruin have been trying to worry your bride. But their story can't be true, for these other young ladies say that they are engaged to them.

F. They each of them made me an offer, which I refused. [*The* BISHOP *marries them.*

F. [*After they are married.*] I shall never again be troubled with such offers [*looks at* CAS *and* BRUIN] as *yours!*

I meant to give one scene, and I have given the whole play, not knowing where to stop. There was nothing funny about it to Julia. The heroine, with her wonderful command of silence, was her ideal of maiden reserve and dignity; the deep-dyed villany of Bruin and Cas, the retiring manners of the fortunate Emerson, the singular sprightliness of the Bishop, were all perfectly natural, as her vivid mind saw them.

So she was bitterly grieved one day when a dear friend of the family, to whom our mother had read the play, rushed up to her, and seizing her hand, cried, —

"'Julia, will you have me?' 'No!' Exit Mr. Bruin."

Deeply grieved the little maiden was; and it cannot have been very long after that time that she gave the little book to her dearest aunt, who has kept it carefully through all these years.

If Julia was like Milton's "Penseroso," Flossy was the "Allegro" in person, or like Wordsworth's maiden, —

> "A dancing shape, an image gay,
> To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

She was very small as a child. One day a lady, not knowing that the little girl was within hearing, said to her mother, "What a pity Flossy is so small!"

"I 'm big inside!" cried a little angry voice at her elbow; and there was Flossy, swelling with rage, like an offended bantam. And she *was* big inside! her lively, active spirit seemed to break through the little body and carry it along in spite of itself. Sometimes

it was an impish spirit; always it was an enterprising one.

She it was who invented the dances which seemed to us such wonderful performances. We danced every evening in the great parlor, our mother playing for us on the piano. There was the "Macbeth" dance, in which Flossy figured as Lady Macbeth. With a dagger in her hand, she crept and rushed and pounced and swooped about in a most terrifying manner, always graceful as a fairy. A sofa-pillow played the part of Duncan, and had a very hard time of it. The "Julius Cæsar" dance was no less tragic; we all took part in it, and stabbed right and left with sticks of kindling-wood. One got the curling-stick and was happy, for it was the next thing to the dagger, which no one but Flossy could have. Then there was the dance of the "Four Seasons," which had four figures. In spring we sowed, in summer we reaped; in autumn we hunted the deer, and in winter there was much jingling of bells. The hunting figure was most exciting. It was performed with knives (kindling-

wood), as Flossy thought them more romantic than guns; they were held close to the side, with point projecting, and in this way we moved with a quick *chassé* step, which, coupled with a savage frown, was supposed to be peculiarly deadly.

Flossy invented many other amusements, too. There was the school-loan system. We had school in the little parlor at that time, and our desks had lids that lifted up. In her desk Flossy kept a number of precious things, which she lent to the younger children for so many pins an hour. The most valuable thing was a set of three colored worsted balls, red, green, and blue. You could set them twirling, and they would keep going for ever so long. It was a delightful sport; but they were very expensive, costing, I think, twenty pins an hour. It took a long time to collect twenty pins, for of course it was not fair to take them out of the pincushions.

Then there was a glass eye-cup without a foot; that cost ten pins, and was a great favorite with us. You stuck it in your eye,

and tried to hold it there while you winked with the other. Of course all this was done behind the raised desk-lid, and I have sometimes wondered what the teacher was doing that she did not find us out sooner. She was not very observant, and I am quite sure she was afraid of Flossy. One sad day, however, she caught Laura with the precious glass in her eye, and it was taken away forever. It was a bitter thing to the child (I know all about it, for I was Laura) to be told that she could never have it again, even after school. She had paid her ten pins, and she could not see what right the teacher had to take the glass away. But after that the school-loan system was forbidden, and I have never known what became of the three worsted balls.

Flossy also told stories; or rather she told one story which had no end, and of which we never tired. Under the sea, she told us, lived a fairy named Patty, who was a most intimate friend of hers, and whom she visited every night. This fairy dwelt in a palace hollowed out of a single immense

pearl. The rooms in it were countless, and were furnished in a singular and delightful manner. In one room the chairs and sofas were of chocolate; in another, of fresh strawberries; in another, of peaches,—and so on. The floors were paved with squares of chocolate and cream candy; the windows were of transparent barley-sugar, and when you broke off the arm of a chair and ate it, or took a square or two out of the pavement, they were immediately replaced, so that there was no trouble for any one. Patty had a ball every evening, and Flossy never failed to go. Sometimes, when we were good, she would take us; but the singular thing about it was that we never remembered what had happened. In the morning our infant minds were a cheerful blank, till Flossy told us what a glorious time we had had at Patty's the night before, how we had danced with Willie Winkie, and how much ice-cream we had eaten. We listened to the recital with unalloyed delight, and believed every word of it, till a sad day of awakening came. We were always made to understand that we could not

bring away anything from Patty's, and were content with this arrangement; but on this occasion there was to be a ball of peculiar magnificence, and Flossy, in a fit of generosity, told Harry that he was to receive a pair of diamond trousers, which he would be allowed to bring home. Harry was a child with a taste for magnificence; and he went to bed full of joy, seeing already in anticipation the glittering of the jewelled garment, and the effects produced by it on the small boys of his acquaintance. Bitter was the disappointment when, on awakening in the morning, the chair by his bedside bore only the familiar brown knickerbockers, with a patch of a lighter shade on one knee. Harry wept, and would not be comforted; and after that, though we still liked to hear the Patty stories, we felt that the magic of them was gone, — that they were only stories, like "Blue-beard" or "Jack and the Beanstalk."

CHAPTER II.

MORE ABOUT OURSELVES.

JULIA and Flossy did not content themselves with writing plays and telling stories. They aspired to making a language, — a real language, which should be all their own, and should have grammars and dictionaries like any other famous tongue. It was called Patagonian, — whether with any idea of future missionary work among the people of that remote country, or merely because it sounded well, I cannot say. It was a singular language. I wish more of it had survived; but I can give only a few of its more familiar phrases.

MILLDAM — Yes.
PILLDAM — No.
MOUCHE — Mother.
BIS VON SNOUT? — Are you well?

BRUNK TU TOUCHY SNOUT — I am very well.
CHING CHU STICK STUMPS? — Will you have some doughnuts?

These fragments will, I am sure, make my readers regret deeply the loss of this language, which has the merit of entire originality.

As to Flossy's talent for making paper-dolls, it is a thing not to be described. There were no such paper-dolls as those. Their figures might not be exactly like the human figure, but how infinitely more graceful! Their waists were so small that they sometimes broke in two when called upon to courtesy to a partner or a queen: that was the height of delicacy! They had ringlets invariably, and very large eyes with amazing lashes; they smiled with unchanging sweetness, filling our hearts with delight. Many and wonderful were their dresses. The crinoline of the day was magnified into a sort of vast semi-circular cloud, adorned about the skirt with strange patterns; one small doll would sometimes wear a whole sheet of foolscap in an evening dress! That was

extravagant, but our daughters must be in the fashion. There was one yellow dress belonging to my doll Parthenia (a lovely creature of Jewish aspect, whose waist was smaller than her legs), which is not even now to be remembered without emotion. We built houses for the paper-dolls with books from the parlor table, even borrowing some from the bookcase when we wanted an extra suite of rooms. I do not say it was good for the books, but it was very convenient for the dolls. I have reason to think that our mother did not know of this practice. In the matter of their taking exercise, however, she aided us materially, giving us sundry empty trinket-boxes lined with satin, which made the most charming carriages in the world. The state coach was a silver-gilt portemonnaie lined with red silk. It had seen better days, and the clasp was broken; but that did not make it less available as a coach. I wish you could have seen Parthenia in it!

I do not think we cared so much for other dolls, yet there were some that must be mentioned. Vashti Ann was named for a cook;

she belonged to Julia, and I have an idea that she was of a very haughty and disagreeable temper, though I cannot remember her personal appearance. Still more shadowy is my recollection of Eliza Viddipock, — a name to be spoken with bated breath. What dark crime this wretched doll had committed to merit her fearful fate, I do not know; it was a thing not to be spoken of to the younger children, apparently. But I do know that she was hanged, with all solemnity of judge and hangman. It seems unjust that I should have forgotten the name of Julia's good doll, who died, and had the cover of the sugar-bowl buried with her, as a tribute to her virtues.

Sally Bradford and Clara both belonged to Laura. Sally was an india-rubber doll; Clara, a doll with a china head of the old-fashioned kind, smooth, shining black hair, brilliant rosy cheeks, and calm (very calm) blue eyes. I prefer this kind of doll to any other. Clara's life was an uneventful one, on the whole, and I remember only one remarkable thing in it. A little girl in the

neighborhood invited Laura to a dolls' party on a certain day: she was to bring Clara by special request. Great was the excitement, for Laura was very small, and had never yet gone to a party. A seamstress was in the house making the summer dresses, and our mother said that Clara should have a new frock for the party. It seemed a very wonderful thing to have a real new white muslin frock, made by a real seamstress, for one's beloved doll. Clara had a beautiful white neck, so the frock was made low and trimmed with lace. When the afternoon came, Laura brought some tiny yellow roses from the greenhouse, and the seamstress sewed them on down the front of the frock and round the neck and hem. It is not probable that any other doll ever looked so beautiful as Clara when her toilet was complete.

Then Laura put on her own best frock, which was not one half so fine, and tied on her gray felt bonnet, trimmed with quillings of pink and green satin ribbon, and started off, the proudest and happiest child in the whole world. She reached the house (it was

very near) and climbed up the long flight of stone steps, and stood on tiptoe to ring the bell, — then waited with a beating heart. Would there be many other dolls? Would any of them be half so lovely as Clara? Would there — dreadful thought! — would there be big girls there?

The door opened. If any little girls read this they will now be very sorry for Laura. There was no dolls' party! Rosy's mother (the little girl's name was Rosy) had heard nothing at all about it; Rosy had gone to spend the afternoon with Sarah Crocker.

"Sorry, little girl! What a pretty dolly! Good-by, dear!" and then the door was shut again.

Laura toddled down the long stone steps, and went solemnly home. She did not cry, because it would not be nice to cry in the street; but she could not see very clearly. She never went to visit Rosy again, and never knew whether the dolls' party had been forgotten, or why it was given up.

Before leaving the subject of dolls, I must say a word about little Maud's first doll.

Maud was a child of rare beauty, as beautiful as Julia, though very different. Her fair hair was of such color and quality that our mother used to call her Silk-and-silver, a name which suited her well; her eyes were like stars under their long black lashes. So brilliant, so vivid was the child's coloring that she seemed to flash with silver and rosy light as she moved about. She was so much younger than the others that in many of their reminiscences she has no share; yet she has her own stories, too. A friend of our father's, being much impressed with this starry beauty of the child, thought it would be pleasant to give her the prettiest doll that could be found; accordingly he appeared one day bringing a wonderful creature, with hair almost like Maud's own, and great blue eyes that opened and shut, and cheeks whose steadfast roses did not flash in and out, but bloomed always. I think the doll was dressed in blue and silver, but am not sure; she was certainly very magnificent.

Maud was enchanted, of course, and hugged her treasure, and went off with it.

It happened that she had been taken only the day before to see the blind children at the Institution near by, where our father spent much of his time. It was the first time she had talked with the little blind girls, and they made a deep impression on her baby mind, though she said little at the time. As I said, she went off with her new doll, and no one saw her for some time. At length she returned, flushed and triumphant.

"My dolly is blind, now!" she cried; and she displayed the doll, over whose eyes she had tied a ribbon, in imitation of Laura Bridgman. "She is blind Polly! ain't got no eyes 't all!"

Alas! it was even so. Maud had poked the beautiful blue glass eyes till they fell in, and only empty sockets were hidden by the green ribbon. There was a great outcry, of course; but it did not disturb Maud in the least. She wanted a blind doll, and she had one; and no pet could be more carefully tended than was poor blind Polly.

More precious than any doll could be, rises in my memory the majestic form of

Pistachio. It was Flossy, ever fertile in invention, who discovered the true worth of Pistachio, and taught us to regard with awe and reverence this object of her affection. Pistachio was an oval mahogany footstool, covered with green cloth of the color of the nut whose name he bore. I have the impression that he had lost a leg, but am not positive on this point. He was considered an invalid, and every morning he was put in the baby-carriage and taken in solemn procession down to the brook for his morning bath. One child held a parasol over his sacred head (only he had no head!), two more propelled the carriage, while the other two went before as outriders. No mirth was allowed on this occasion, the solemnity of which was deeply impressed on us. Arrived at the brook, Pistachio was lifted from the carriage by his chief officer, Flossy herself, and set carefully down on the flat stone beside the brook. His sacred legs were dipped one by one into the clear water, and dried with a towel. Happy was the child who was allowed to perform this function!

After the bath, he was walked gently up and down, and rubbed, to assist the circulation; then he was put back in his carriage, and the procession started for home again, with the same gravity and decorum as before. The younger children felt sure there was some mystery about Pistachio. I cannot feel sure, even now, that he was nothing more than an ordinary oval cricket; but his secret, whatever it was, has perished with him.

I perceive that I have said little or nothing thus far about Harry; yet he was a very important member of the family. The only boy: and such a boy! He was by nature a Very Imp, such as has been described by Mr. Stockton in one of his delightful stories. Not two years old was he when he began to pull the tails of all the little dogs he met,— a habit which he long maintained. The love of mischief was deeply rooted in him. It was not safe to put him in the closet for misbehavior; for he cut off the pockets of the dresses hanging there, and snipped the fringe off his teacher's best shawl. Yet he

was a sweet and affectionate child, with a tender heart and sensitive withal. When about four years old, he had the habit of summoning our father to breakfast; and, not being able to say the word, would announce, "Brescott is ready!" This excited mirth among the other children, which he never could endure; accordingly, one morning he appeared at the door of the dressing-room and said solemnly, "Papa, your food is prepared!"

It is recorded of this child that he went once to pay a visit to some dear relatives, and kept them in a fever of anxiety until he was taken home again. One day it was his little cousin's rocking-horse, which disappeared from the nursery, and shortly after was seen airing itself on the top of the chimney, kicking its heels in the sunshine, and appearing to enjoy its outing. Another time it was down the chimney that the stream of mischief took its way; and a dear and venerable visitor (no other than Dr. Coggeshall, of Astor Library fame), sitting before the fire in the twilight, was amazed by a sudden

shower of boots tumbling down, one after another, into the ashes, whence he conscientiously rescued them with the tongs, at peril of receiving some on his good white head.

Such boots and shoes as escaped this fiery ordeal were tacked by Master Harry to the floor of the closets in the various rooms; and while he was in the closet, what could be easier or pleasanter than to cut off the pockets of the dresses hanging there? Altogether, Egypt was glad when Harry departed; and I do not think he made many more visits away from home, till he had outgrown the days of childhood.

At the age of six, Harry determined to marry, and offered his hand and heart to Mary, the nurse, an excellent woman some thirty years older than he. He sternly forbade her to sew or do other nursery work, saying that his wife must not work for her living. About this time, too, he told our mother that he thought he felt his beard growing.

He was just two years older than Laura,

and the tie between them was very close. Laura's first question to a stranger was always, "Does you know my bulla Hally? I hope you does!" and she was truly sorry for any one who had not that privilege.

The two children slept in tiny rooms adjoining each other. It was both easy and pleasant to "talk across" while lying in bed, when they were supposed to be sound asleep. Neither liked to give up the last word of greeting, and they would sometimes say "Good-night!" "Good-night!" over and over, backward and forward, for ten minutes together. In general, Harry was very kind to Laura, playing with her, and protecting her from any roughness of neighbor children. (They said "bunnit" and "apurn," and "I wunt;" and we were fond of correcting them, which they not brooking, quarrels were apt to ensue.) But truth compels me to tell of one occasion on which Harry did not show a brotherly spirit. In the garden, under a great birch-tree, stood a trough for watering the horses. It was a large and deep trough, and always full of beautiful, clear water. It

was pleasant to lean over the edge, and see the sky and the leaves of the tree reflected as if in a crystal mirror; to see one's own rosy, freckled face, too, and make other faces; to see which could open eyes or mouth widest.

Now one day, as little Laura, being perhaps four years old, was hanging over the edge of the trough, forgetful of all save the delight of gazing, it chanced that Harry came up behind her; and the spirit of mischief that was always in him triumphed over brotherly affection, and he

> "Ups with her heels,
> And smothers her squeals"

in the clear, cold water.

Laura came up gasping and puffing, her hair streaming all over her round face, her eyes staring with wonder and fright!

By the time help arrived, as it fortunately did, in the person of Thomas the gardener, poor Laura was in a deplorable condition, half choked with water, and frightened nearly out of her wits.

Thomas carried the dripping child to the

house and put her into Mary's kind arms, and then reported to our mother what Harry had done.

We were almost never whipped; but for this misdeed Harry was put to bed at once, and our mother, sitting beside him, gave him what we used to call a "talking to," which he did not soon forget.

Nurse Mary probably thought it would gratify Laura to know that naughty Harry was being punished for his misdoings; but she had mistaken her child. When the mother came back to the nursery from Harry's room, she found Laura (in dry raiment, but with cheeks still crimson and shining) sitting in the middle of the floor, with clenched fists and flashing eyes, and roaring at the top of her lungs, "I 'll tumble my mudder down wid a 'tick!"

CHAPTER III.

GREEN PEACE.

Not many children can boast of having two homes; some, alas! have hardly one. But we actually had two abiding-places, both of which were so dear to us that we loved them equally. First, there was Green Peace. When our mother first came to the place, and saw the fair garden, and the house with its lawn and its shadowing trees, she gave it this name, half in sport; and the title clung to it always.

The house itself was pleasant. The original building, nearly two hundred years old, was low and squat, with low-studded rooms, and great posts in the corners, and small many-paned windows. As I recall it now, it consisted largely of cupboards, — the queerest cupboards that ever were; some square and some three-cornered, and others of no shape

MAUD.

at all. They were squeezed into staircase walls, they lurked beside chimneys, they were down near the floor, they were close beneath the ceiling. It was as if a child had built the house for the express purpose of playing hide-and-seek in it. Ah, how we children did play hide-and-seek there! To lie curled up in the darkest corner of the "twisty" cupboard, that went burrowing in under the front stairs, — to lie curled up there, eating an apple, and hear the chase go clattering and thumping by, that was a sensation!

Then the stairs! There was not very much of them, for a tall man standing on the ground floor could touch the top step with his hand. But they had a great deal of variety; no two steps went the same way: they seemed to have fallen out with one another, and never to have "made up" again. When you had once learned how to go up and down, it was very well, except in the dark; and even then you had only to remember that you must tread on the farther side of the first two steps, and on the hither side of the next three, and in the middle of four

after, and then you were near the top or the bottom, as the case might be, and could scramble or jump for it. But it was not well for strangers to go up and down those stairs.

There was another flight that was even more perilous, but our father had it boarded over, as he thought it unsafe for any one to use. One always had a shiver in passing through a certain dark passage, when one felt boards instead of plaster under one's hand, and knew that behind those boards lurked the hidden staircase. There was something uncanny about it, —

> "O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

Perhaps the legend of the hidden staircase was all the more awful because it was never told.

Just to the right of the school-room, a door opened into the new part of the house which our father had built. The first room was the great dining-room; and very great it was. On the floor was a wonderful carpet, all in one piece, which was made in France,

and had belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, a brother of the great Emperor. In the middle was a medallion of Napoleon and Marie Louise, with sun-rays about them; then came a great circle, with strange beasts on it ramping and roaring (only they roared silently); and then a plain space, and in the corners birds and fishes such as never were seen in air or sea. Yes, that *was* a carpet! It was here we danced the wonderful dances. We hopped round and round the circle, and we stamped on the beasts and the fishes; but it was not good manners to step on the Emperor and Empress, — one must go round them. Here our mother sang to us; but the singing belongs to another chapter.

The great dining-room had a roof all to itself, — a flat roof, covered with tar and gravel, and railed in; so that one could lie on one's face and kick one's heels, pick out white pebbles, and punch the bubbles of tar all hot in the sun.

But, after all, we did not stay in the house much. Why should we, with the garden calling us out with its thousand voices? On

each side of the house lay an oval lawn, green as emerald. One lawn had the laburnum-tree, where at the right time of year we sat under a shower of fragrant gold; the other had the three hawthorn-trees, one with white blossoms, another with pink, and a third with deep red, rose-like flowers. Other trees were there, but I do not remember them. Directly in front of the house stood two giant Balm-of-Gilead trees, towering over the low-roofed dwelling. These trees were favorites of ours, for at a certain time they dropped down to us thousands and thousands of sticky catkins, full of the most charming, silky cotton. We called them the "cotton-wool-trees," and loved them tenderly. Then, between the trees, a flight of steps plunged down to the green-house. A curious place this was, — summer-house, hot-house, and bowling-alley, all in one. The summer-house part was not very interesting, being all filled with seeds and pots and dry bulbs, and the like. But from it a swing-door opened into Elysium! Here the air was soft and balmy, and full of the smell of roses. One went

down two steps, and there were the roses themselves! Great vines trained along the walls, heavy with long white or yellow or tea-colored buds,—I remember no red ones. Mr. Arrow, the gardener, never let us touch the roses, and he never gave us a bud; but when a rose was fully open, showing its golden heart, he would often pick it for us, with a sigh, but a kind look too. Mr. Arrow was an Englishman, stout and red-faced. Julia made a rhyme about him once, beginning,—

> "Poor Mr. Arrow, he once was narrow,
> But that was a long time ago."

Midway in the long glass-covered building was a tiny oval pond, lined with green moss. I think it once had goldfish in it, but they did not thrive. When Mr. Arrow was gone to dinner, it was pleasant to fill the brass syringe with water from this pond, and squirt at the roses, and feel the heavy drops plashing back in one's upturned face. Sometimes a child fell into the pond; but as the water was only four or five inches deep, no harm was done, save to stockings and petticoats.

The bowling-alley was divided by a low partition from the hot-house, so that when we went to play at planets we breathed the same soft, perfumed air. The planets were the balls. The biggest one was Uranus; then came Saturn, and so on down to Mercury, a little dot of a ball. They were of some dark, hard, foreign wood, very smooth, with a dusky polish. It was a great delight to roll them, either over the smooth floor, against the ninepins, or along the rack at the side. When one rolled Uranus or Jupiter, it sounded like thunder, — Olympian thunder, suggestive of angry gods. Then the musical tinkle of the pins, as they clinked and fell together! Sometimes they were British soldiers, and we the Continentals, firing the "iron six-pounder" from the other end of the battle-field. Sometimes, regardless of dates, we introduced artillery into the Trojan war, and Hector bowled Achilles off his legs, or *vice versa.*

The bowling-alley was also used for other sports. It was here that Flossy gave a grand party for Cotchy, her precious Maltese cat.

All the cat-owning little girls in the neighborhood were invited, and about twelve came, each bringing her pet in a basket. Cotchy was beautifully dressed in a cherry-colored ribbon, which set off her gray, satiny coat to perfection. She received her guests with much dignity, but was not inclined to do much toward entertaining them. Flossy tried to make the twelve cats play with one another, but they were shy on first acquaintance, and a little stiff. Perhaps Flossy did not in those days know the proper etiquette for introducing cats, though since then she has studied all kinds of etiquette thoroughly. But the little girls enjoyed themselves, if the cats did not, and there was a great deal of chattering and comparing notes. Then came the feast, which consisted of milk and fish-bones; and next every cat had her nose buttered by way of dessert. Altogether, the party was voted a great success.

Below, and on both sides of the greenhouse, the fertile ground was set thick with fruit-trees, our father's special pride. The pears and peaches of Green Peace were

known far and wide; I have never seen such peaches since, nor is it only the halo of childish recollection that shines around them, for others bear the same testimony. Crimson-glowing, golden-hearted, smooth and perfect as a baby's cheek, each one was a thing of wonder and beauty; and when you ate one, you ate summer and sunshine. Our father gave us a great deal of fruit, but we were never allowed to take it ourselves without permission; indeed, I doubt if it ever occurred to us to do so. One of us still remembers the thrill of horror she felt when a little girl who had come to spend the afternoon picked up a fallen peach and ate it, without asking leave. It seemed a dreadful thing not to know that the garden was a field of honor. As to the proverbial sweetness of stolen fruit, we knew nothing about it. The fruit was sweet enough from our dear father's hand, and, as I said, he gave us plenty of it.

How was it, I wonder, that this sense of honor seemed sometimes to stay in the garden and not always to come into the house?

LAURA WAS FOUND IN THE SUGAR-BARREL.

For as I write, the thought comes to me of a day when Laura was found with her feet sticking out of the sugar-barrel, into which she had fallen head foremost while trying to get a lump of sugar. She has never eaten a lump of sugar, save in her tea, since that day. Also, it is recorded of Flossy and Julia, that, being one day at the Institution, they found the store-room open, and went in, against the law. There was a beautiful polished tank, which appeared to be full of rich brown syrup. Julia and Flossy liked syrup; so each filled a mug, and then they counted one, two, three, and each took a good draught, — and it was train-oil!

But in both these cases the culprits were hardly out of babyhood; so perhaps they had not yet learned about the "broad stone of honor," on which it is good to set one's feet.

I must not leave the garden without speaking of the cherry-trees. These must have been planted by early settlers, perhaps by the same hand that planned the crooked stairs and quaint cupboards of the old house, — enormous trees, gnarled and twisted like

ancient apple-trees, and as sturdy as they. They had been grafted — whether by our father's or some earlier hand I know not — with the finest varieties of "white-hearts" and "black-hearts," and they bore amazing quantities of cherries. These attracted flocks of birds, which our father in vain tried to frighten away with scarecrows. Once he put the cat in a bird-cage, and hung her up in the white-heart tree; but the birds soon found that she could not get at them, and poor pussy was so miserable that she was quickly released.

I perceive that we shall not get to the summer home in this chapter; but I must say a word about the Institution for the Blind, which was within a few minutes' walk of Green Peace.

Many of our happiest hours were spent in this pleasant place, the home of patient cheerfulness and earnest work. We often went to play with the blind children when our lessons and theirs were over, and they came trooping out into the sunny playground. I do not think it occurred to us to pity these

boys and girls deprived of one of the chief sources of pleasure in life; they were so happy, so merry, that we took their blindness as a matter of course.

Our father often gave us baskets of fruit to take to them. That was a great pleasure. We loved to turn the great globe in the hall, and, shutting our eyes, pass our fingers over the raised surfaces, trying to find different places. We often "played blind," and tried to read the great books with raised print, but never succeeded that I remember. The printing-office was a wonderful place to linger in; and one could often get pieces of marbled paper, which was valuable in the paper-doll world. Then there was the gymnasium, with its hanging rings, and its wonderful tilt, which went up so high that it took one's breath away. Just beyond the gymnasium were some small rooms, in which were stored worn-out pianos, disabled after years of service under practising fingers. It was very good fun to play on a worn-out piano. There were always a good many notes that really sounded, and they had quite individual

sounds, not like those of common pianos; then there were some notes that buzzed, and some that growled, and some that made no noise at all; and one could poke in under the cover, and twang the strings, and play with the chamois-leather things that went flop (we have since learned that they are called hammers), and sometimes pull them out, though that seemed wicked.

Then there was the matron's room, where we were always made welcome by the sweet and gracious woman who still makes sunshine in that place by her lovely presence. Dear Miss M—— was never out of patience with our pranks, had always a picture-book or a flower or a curiosity to show us, and often a story to tell when a spare half-hour came. For her did Flossy and Julia act their most thrilling tragedies, no other spectators being admitted. To her did Harry and Laura confide their infant joys and woes. Other friends will have a chapter to themselves, but it seems most fitting to speak of this friend here, in telling of the home she has made bright for over fifty years.

Over the way from the Institution stood the workshop, where blind men and women, many of them graduates of the Institution, made mattresses and pillows, mats and brooms. This was another favorite haunt of ours. There was a stuffy but not unpleasant smell of feathers and hemp about the place. I should know that smell if I met it in Siberia! There were coils of rope, sometimes so large that one could squat down and hide in the middle, piles of hemp, and dark mysterious bins full of curled hair, white and black. There was a dreadful mystery about the black-hair bin; the little ones ran past it, with their heads turned away. But they never told what it was, and one of them never knew.

But the crowning joy of the workshop was the feather-room, — a long room, with smooth, clean floor; along one side of it were divisions, like the stalls in a stable, and each division was half filled with feathers. Boy and girl readers will understand what a joy this must have been, — to sit down in the feathers, and let them cover you up to the neck,

and be a setting hen! or to lie at full length, and be a traveller lost in the snow, — Harry making it snow feathers till you were all covered up, and then turning into the faithful hound and dragging you out! or to play the game of "Winds," and blow the feathers about the room! But old Margaret did not allow this last game, and we could do it only when she happened to go out for a moment, which was not very often. Old Margaret was the presiding genius of the feather-room, a half-blind woman, who kept the feathers in order and helped to sew up the pillows and mattresses. She was always kind to us, and let us rake feathers with the great wooden rake as much as we would. Later, when Laura was perhaps ten years old, she used to go and read to old Margaret. Mrs. Browning's poems were making a new world for the child at that time, and she never felt a moment's doubt about the old woman's enjoying them: in after years doubts did occur to her.

It was probably a quaint picture, if any one had looked in upon it: the long, low

room, with the feather-heaps, white and dusky gray; the half-blind, withered crone, nodding over her knitting, and the little earnest child, throwing her whole soul into "The Romaunt of the Page," or the "Rhyme of the Duchess May."

"Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!"

The first sound of the words carries me back through the years to the feather-room and old blind Margaret.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY.

THE time of our summer flitting varied. Sometimes we stayed at Green Peace till after strawberry-time, and lingered late at the Valley; sometimes we went early, and came back in time for the peaches. But in one month or another there came a season of great business and bustle. Woollen dresses were put away in the great cedar-lined camphor-chests studded with brass nails; calico dresses were lengthened, and joyfully assumed; trunks were packed, and boxes and barrels; carpets were taken up and laid away; and white covers were put over pictures and mirrors. Finally we departed, generally in more or less confusion.

I remember one occasion when our rear column reached the Old Colony Station just as the train was starting. The advance-

guard, consisting of our mother and the older children, was already on board; and Harry and Laura have a vivid recollection of being caught up by our father and tumbled into the moving baggage-car, he flashing in after us, and all sitting on trunks, panting, till we were sufficiently revived to pass through to our seats in the passenger-car. In those days the railway ran no farther than Fall River. There we must take a carriage and drive twelve miles to our home in the Island of Rest. Twelve long and weary miles they were, much dreaded by us all. The trip was made in a large old-fashioned vehicle, half hack, half stage. The red cushions were hard and uncomfortable; the horses were aged; their driver, good, snuff-colored Mr. Anthony, felt keenly his duty to spare them, and considered the passengers a minor affair. So we five children were cramped and cooped up, I know not how long. It seemed hours that we must sit there, while the ancient horses crawled up the sandy hills, or jogged meditatively along the level spaces. Every joint

developed a separate ache; our legs were cramped, — the short ones from hanging over the seat, the long ones because the floor of the coach was piled with baskets and bandboxes. It was hot, hot! The flies buzzed, and would not let one go to sleep; the dust rolled in thick yellow clouds from under the wheels, and filled eyes and mouth, and set all a-sneezing. Decidedly, it was a most tiresome jaunt. But all the more delightful was the arrival! To drive in under the apple-trees, just as the evening was falling cool and sweet; to tumble out of the stuffy prison-coach, and race through the orchard, and out to the barn, and up the hill behind the house, — ah, that was worth all the miseries of the journey!

From the hill behind the house we could see the sunset; and that was one thing we did not have at Green Peace, shut in by its great trees. Here, before our eyes, still aching from the dust of the road, lay the great bay, all a sheet of silver, with white sails here and there; beyond it Conanicut, a long island, brown in the noon-light, now softened into

wonderful shades of amethyst and violet; and the great sun going down in a glory of gold and flame! Nowhere else are such sunsets. Sometimes the sky was all strewn with fiery flakes and long delicate flame-feathers, glowing with rosy light; sometimes there were purple cloud-islands, edged with crimson, and between them and the real island a space of delicate green, so pure, so cold, that there is nothing to compare with it save a certain chrysoprase our mother had.

Gazing at these wonders, the children would stand, full of vague delight, not knowing what they thought, till the tea-bell summoned them to the house for a merry picnic supper. Then there was clattering upstairs, washing of hands in the great basin with purple grapes on it (it belonged in the guest-chamber, and we were not allowed to use it save on special occasions like this), hasty smoothing of hair and straightening of collars, and then clatter! clatter! down again.

There was nothing remarkable about the house at the Valley. It was just a pleasant cottage, with plenty of sunny windows and

square, comfortable rooms. But we were seldom in the house, save at meal-times or when it rained; and our real home was under the blue sky. First, there was the orchard. It was an ideal orchard, with the queerest old apple-trees that ever were seen. They did not bear many apples, but they were delightful to climb in, with trunks slanting so that one could easily run up them, and branches that curled round so as to make a comfortable back to lean against. There are few pleasanter things than to sit in an apple-tree and read poetry, with birds twittering undismayed beside you, and green leaves whispering over your head. Laura was generally doing this when she ought to have been mending her stockings.

Then there was the joggling-board, under the two biggest trees. The delight of a joggling-board is hardly to be explained to children who have never known it; but I trust many children do know it. The board is long and smooth and springy, supported at both ends on stands; and one can play all sorts of things on it. Many a circus

has been held on the board at the Valley! We danced the tight-rope on it; we leaped through imaginary rings, coming down on the tips of our toes; we hopped its whole length on one foot; we wriggled along it on our stomachs, on our backs; we bumped along it on hands and knees. Dear old jogging-board! it is not probable that any other was ever quite so good as ours.

Near by was the pump, a never-failing wonder to us when we were little. The well over which it stood was very deep, and it took a long time to bring the bucket up. It was a chain-pump, and the chain went rattlety-clank! rattlety-clank! round and round; and the handle creaked and groaned, —"Ah-*ho!* ah-*ho!*" When you had turned a good while there came out of the spout a stream of — water? No! of daddy-long-legses! They lived, apparently, in the spout, and they did not like the water; so when they heard the bucket coming up, with the water going "lip! lap!" as it swung to and fro, they came running out, dozens and dozens of them, probably thinking what

unreasonable people we were to disturb them. When the water did finally come, it was wonderfully cold, and clear as crystal.

The hill behind the house was perhaps our favorite play-room. It was a low, rocky hill, covered with "prostrate juniper" bushes, which bore blue berries very useful in our housekeeping. At the top of the rise the bare rock cropped out, dark gray, covered with flat, dry lichens. This was our house. It had several rooms: the drawing-room was really palatial, — a broad floor of rock, with flights of steps leading up to it. The state stairway was used for kings and queens, conquerors, and the like; the smaller was really more convenient, as the steps were more sharply defined, and you were not so apt to fall down them. Then there was the dining-room rock, where meals were served, — daisy pudding and similar delicacies; and the kitchen rock, which had a real oven, and the most charming cupboards imaginable. Here were stored hollyhock cheeses, and sorrel leaves, and twigs of black birch, fragrant and spicy, and many other good things.

On this hill was celebrated, on the first of August, the annual festival of "Yeller's Day." This custom was begun by Flossy, and adhered to for many years. Immediately after breakfast on the appointed day, all the children assembled on the top of the hill and yelled. Oh, how we yelled! It was a point of honor to make as much noise as possible. We roared and shrieked and howled, till we were too hoarse to make a sound; then we rested, and played something else, perhaps, till our voices were restored, and then — yelled again! Yeller's Day was regarded as one of the great days of the summer. By afternoon we were generally quite exhausted, and we were hoarse for several days afterward. I cannot recommend this practice. In fact, I sincerely hope that no child will attempt to introduce it; for it is very bad for the voice, and might in some cases do real injury.

Almost every morning we went down to the bay to bathe. It was a walk of nearly a mile through the fields, — such a pleasant walk! The fields were not green, but of a

soft russet, the grass being thin and dry, with great quantities of a little pinkish fuzzy plant whose name we never knew.[1] They were divided by stone walls, which we were skilful in climbing. In some places there were bars which must be let down, or climbed over, or crawled through, as fancy suggested. There were many blackberries, of the low-bush variety, bearing great clusters of berries, glossy, beautiful, delicious. We were not allowed to eat them on the way down, but only when coming home. Some of these fields belonged to the Cross Farmer, who had once been rude to us. We regarded him as a manner of devil, and were always looking round to see if his round-shouldered, blue-shirted figure were in sight. At last the shore was reached, and soon we were all in the clear water, shrieking with delight, paddling about, puffing and blowing like a school of young porpoises.

At high-tide the beach was pebbled; at low-tide we went far out, the ground sloping very gradually, to a delightful place where

[1] I find it to be stone clover.

the bottom was of fine white sand, sparkling as if mixed with diamond dust. Starfish crawled about on it, and other creatures, — crabs, too, sometimes, that would nip an unwary toe if they got a chance. Sometimes the water was full of jelly-fish, which we did not like, in spite of their beauty. Beyond the white sand was a bed of eel-grass, very dreadful, not to be approached. If a person went into it, he was instantly seized and entangled, and drowned before the eyes of his companions. This was our firm belief. It was probably partly due to Andersen's story of the "Little Sea-Maid," which had made a deep impression on us all, with its clutching polyps and other submarine terrors.

We all learned to swim more or less, but Flossy was the best swimmer.

Sometimes we went to bathe in the afternoon instead of the morning, if the tide suited better. I remember one such time when we came delightfully near having an adventure. It was full moon, and the tide was very high. We had loitered along the beach after our bath, gathering mussels to

boil for tea, picking up gold-shells or scallop-shells, and punching seaweed bladders, which pop charmingly if you do them right.

German Mary, the good, stupid nurse who was supposed to be taking care of us, knew nothing about tides; and when we came back to the little creek which we must cross on leaving the beach, lo! the creek was a deep, broad stream, the like of which we had never seen. What was to be done? Valiant Flossy proposed to swim across and get help, but Mary shrieked and would not hear of it, and we all protested that it was impossible. Then we perceived that we must spend the night on the beach; and when we were once accustomed to the idea, it was not without attraction for us. The sand was warm and dry, and full of shells and pleasant things; it was August, and the night would be just cool enough for comfort after the hot day; we had a pailful of blackberries which we had picked on the way down, meaning to eat them during our homeward walk; Julia could tell us stories. Altogether it would be a very pleasant occa-

sion. And then to think of the romance of it! "The Deserted Children!" "Alone on a Sandbank!" "The Watchers of the Tide!" There was no end to the things that could be made out of it. So, though poor Mary wept and wrung her hands, mindful (which I cannot remember that we were) of our mother waiting for us at home, we were all very happy.

The sun went down in golden state. Then, turning to the land, we watched the moon rising, in softer radiance, but no less wonderful and glorious. Slowly the great orb rose, turning from pale gold to purest silver. The sea darkened, and presently a little wind came up, and began to sing with the murmuring waves. We sang, too, some of the old German student-songs which our mother had taught us, and which were our favorite ditties. They rang out merrily over the water: —

Die Binschgauer wollten wallfahrten geh'n!
(The Binschgauer would on a pilgrimage go!)

or, —

Was kommt dort von der Hoh'?
(What comes there over the hill?)

Then Julia told us a story. Perhaps it was the wonderful story of Red-cap, — a boy who met a giant in the forest, and did something to help him, I cannot remember what. Whereupon the grateful giant gave Red-cap a covered silver dish, with a hunter and a hare engraved upon it. When the boy wanted anything he must put the cover on, and ask the hunter and hare to give him what he desired; but there must be a rhyme in the request, else it could not be granted. Red-cap thanked the giant, and as soon as he was alone put the cover on the dish and said, —

"Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me a ripe and juicy pear!"

Taking off the cover, he found the finest pear that ever was seen, shining like pure gold, with a crimson patch on one side. It was so delicious that it made Red-cap hungry; so he covered the dish again and said:

"Silver hunter, silver rabbit,
Give me an apple, and I 'll grab it!"

Off came the cover, and, lo! there was an apple the very smell of which was too good

for any one save the truly virtuous. It was so large that it filled the dish, and its flavor was not to be described, so wonderful was it! A third time the happy Red-cap covered his dish, and cried —

"Hunter and hare, of silver each,
Give me a soft and velvet peach!"

And when he saw the peach he cried out for joy, for it was like the peaches that grew on the crooked tree just by the south door of the greenhouse at Green Peace; and those were the best trees in the garden, and therefore the best in the world.

The trouble about this story is that I never can remember any more of it, and I cannot find the book that contains it. But it must have been about this time that we were hailed from the opposite side of the creek; and presently a boat was run out, and came over to the sand beach and took us off. The people at the Poor Farm, which was on a hill close by, had seen the group of Crusoes and come to our rescue. They greeted us with words of pity (which were quite unnecessary), rowed us to the shore, and then

kindly harnessed the farm-horse and drove us home. German Mary was loud in her thanks and expressions of relief; our mother also was grateful to the good people; but from us they received scant and grudging thanks. If they had only minded their own business and let us alone, we could have spent the night on a sandbank. Now it was not likely that we ever should! And, indeed, we never did.

CHAPTER V.

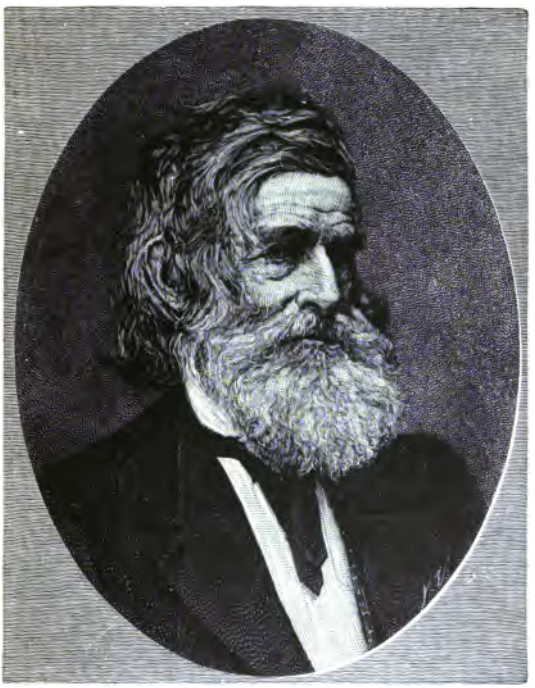
OUR FATHER.

(THE LATE DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.)

THERE is so much to tell about our father that I hardly know where to begin. First, you must know something of his appearance. He was tall and very erect, with the carriage and walk of a soldier. His hair was black, with silver threads in it; his eyes were of the deepest and brightest blue I ever saw. They were eyes full of light: to us it was the soft, beaming light of love and tenderness, but sometimes to others it was the flash of a sword. He was very handsome; in his youth he had been thought one of the handsomest men of his day. It was a gallant time, this youth of our father. When hardly more than a lad, he went out to help the brave Greeks who were fighting to free

their country from the cruel yoke of the Turks. At an age when most young men were thinking how they could make money, and how they could best advance themselves in the world, our father thought only how he could do most good, be of most help to others. So he went out to Greece, and fought in many a battle beside the brave mountaineers. Dressed like them in the "snowy chemise and the shaggy capote," he shared their toils and their hardships; slept, rolled in his cloak, under the open stars, or sat over the camp-fire. roasting wasps strung on a stick like dried cherries. The old Greek chieftains called him "the beautiful youth," and loved him. Once he saved the life of a wounded Greek, at the risk of his own, as you shall read by and by in Whittier's beautiful words; and the rescued man followed him afterward like a dog, not wishing to lose sight of him for an hour, and would even sleep at his feet at night.

Our father's letters and journals give vivid pictures of the wild life among the rugged Greek mountains. Now he describes his



DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

lodging in a village, which he has reached late at night, in a pouring rain: —

"Squatted down upon a sort of straw pillow placed on the ground, I enjoy all the luxury of a Grecian hut; which in point of elegance, ease, and comfort, although not equal to the meanest of our negro huts, is nevertheless somewhat superior to the naked rock. We have two apartments, but no partitions between them, the different rooms being constituted by the inequality of the ground, — we living up the hill, while the servants and horses live down in the lower part; and the smoke of our fires, rising to the roof and seeking in vain for some hole to escape, comes back again to me."

Again, he gives a pleasant account of his visit to a good old Greek priest, who lived with his family in a tiny cottage, the best house in the village. He found the good old man just sitting down to supper with his wife and children, and was invited most cordially to join them. The supper consisted of a huge beet, boiled, and served with butter and black bread. This was enough for the whole family, and the guest too; and after describing the perfect contentment and

cheerfulness which reigned in the humble dwelling, our father makes some reflections on the different things which go to make up a pleasant meal, and decides that the old "Papa" (as a Greek priest is called) had a much better supper than many rich people he remembered at home, who feasted three times a day on all that money could furnish in the way of good cheer, and found neither joy nor comfort in their victuals.

Once our father and his comrades lay hidden for hours in the hollow of an ancient wall (built thousands of years ago, perhaps in Homer's day), while the Turks, scimitar in hand, scoured the fields in search of them. Many years after, he showed this hollow to Julia and Laura, who went with him on his fourth journey to Greece, and told them the story.

When our father saw the terrible sufferings of the Greek women and children, who were starving while their husbands and fathers were fighting for life and freedom, he thought that he could help best by helping them; so, though I know he loved the fight-

ing, for he was a born soldier, he came back to this country, and told all that he had seen, and asked for money and clothes and food for the perishing wives and mothers and children. He told the story well, and put his whole heart into it; and people listen to a story so told. Many hearts beat in answer to his, and in a short time he sailed for Greece again, with a good ship full of rice and flour, and cloth to make into garments, and money to buy whatever else might be needed. When he landed in Greece, the women came flocking about him by thousands, crying for bread, and praying God to bless him. He felt blessed enough when he saw the children eating bread, and saw the naked backs covered, and the sad, hungry faces smiling again. So he went about doing good, and helping whenever he saw need. Perhaps many a poor woman may have thought that the beautiful youth was almost like an angel sent by God to relieve her; and she may not have been far wrong.

When the war was over, and Greece was a free country, our father came home, and

looked about him again to see what he could do to help others. He talked with a friend of his, Dr. Fisher, and they decided that they would give their time to helping the blind, who needed help greatly. There were no schools for them in those days; and if a child was blind, it must sit with folded hands and learn nothing.

Our father found several blind children, and took them to his home and taught them. By and by some kind friends gave money, and one — Colonel Perkins — gave a fine house to be a school for these children and others; and that was the beginning of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, now a great school where many blind boys and girls learn to read and study, and to play on various instruments, and to help themselves and others in the world.

Our father always said, "Help people to help themselves; don't accustom them to being helped by others." Another saying of his, perhaps his favorite one, next to the familiar "Let justice be done, if the heavens fall!" was this: "Obstacles are things

to be overcome." Indeed, this was one of the governing principles of his life; and there were few obstacles that did not go down before that keen lance of his, always in rest and ready for a charge.

When our father first began his work in philanthropy, some of his friends used to laugh at him, and call him Don Quixote. Especially was this the case when he took up the cause of the idiotic and weak-minded, and vowed that instead of being condemned to live like animals, and be treated as such, they should have their rights as human beings, and should be taught all the more carefully and tenderly because their minds were weak and helpless.

"What do you think Howe is going to do now?" cried one gentleman to another, merrily. "He is going to teach the idiots, ha, ha, ha!" and they both laughed heartily, and thought it a very good joke. But people soon ceased to laugh when they saw the helpless creatures beginning to help themselves; saw the girls learning to sew and the boys to work; saw light gradually come into

the vacant eyes (dim and uncertain light it might be, but how much better than blank darkness!), and strength and purpose to the nerveless fingers.

So the School for Feeble-minded Children was founded, and has been ever since a pleasant place, full of hope and cheer; and when people found that this Don Quixote knew very well the difference between a giant and a windmill, and that he always brought down his giants, they soon ceased to laugh, and began to wonder and admire.

All my readers have probably heard about Laura Bridgman, whom he found a little child, deaf, dumb, and blind, knowing no more than an animal, and how he taught her to read and write, to talk with her fingers, and to become an earnest, thoughtful, industrious woman. It is a wonderful story; but it has already been told, and will soon be still more fully told, so I will not dwell upon it now.

But I hope you will all read, some day, a Life of our father, and learn about all the

things he did, for it needs a whole volume to tell them.

But it is especially as our father that I want to describe this great and good man. I suppose there never was a tenderer or kinder father. He liked to make companions of his children, and was never weary of having us "tagging" at his heels. We followed him about the garden like so many little dogs, watching the pruning or grafting which were his special tasks. We followed him up into the wonderful pear-room, where were many chests of drawers, every drawer full of pears lying on cotton-wool. Our father watched their ripening with careful heed, and told us many things about their growth and habits. We learned about the Curé pear, which, one fancied, had been named for an old gentleman with a long and waving nose; and about the Duchesse d'Angoulême, which suggested, in appearance as in name, a splendid dame in gold and crimson velvet. Then there were all the Beurrés, from the pale beauty of the Beurré Diel to the Beurré Bosc in its coat of rich

russet, and the Easter Beurré, latest of all. There, too, was the Winter Nelis, — which we persisted in calling "Winter Nelly," and regarded as a friend of our own age, though this never prevented us from eating her with delight whenever occasion offered, — and the Glout Morceau, and the Doyenne d'Eté, and hundreds more. Julia's favorite was always the Bartlett, which appealed to her both by its beauty and its sweetness; but Flossy always held, and Laura held with her, and does hold, and will hold till she dies, that no pear is to be named in the same breath with the Louise Bonne de Jersey.

Oh good Louise, you admirable woman, for whom this green-coated ambrosia was named! what a delightful person you must have been! How sweetness and piquancy must have mingled in your adorable disposition! Happy was the man who called you his! happy was the island of Jersey, which saw you and your pears ripening and mellowing side by side!

I must not leave the pear-room without mentioning the beloved Strawberry Book,

which was usually to be found there, and over which we children used to pore by the hour together. "Fruits of America" was its real name, but we did not care for that; we loved it for its brilliant pictures of strawberries and all other fruits, and perhaps even more for the wonderful descriptions which were really as satisfying as many an actual feast. Was it not almost as good as eating a pear, to read these words about it: —

"Skin a rich golden yellow, dappled with orange and crimson, smooth and delicate; flesh smooth, melting, and buttery; flavor rich, sprightly, vinous, and delicious!"

Almost as good, I say, but not quite; and it is pleasant to recall that we seldom left the pear-room empty-handed.

Then there was his own room, where we could examine the wonderful drawers of his great bureau, and play with the "picknickles" and "bucknickles." I believe our father invented these words. They were — well, all kinds of pleasant little things, — amber mouthpieces, and buckles and bits of enamel, and a wonderful Turkish pipe, and seals and

wax, and some large pins two inches long which were great treasures. On his writing-table were many clean pens in boxes, which you could lay out in patterns; and a sand-box — very delightful! We were never tired of pouring the fine black sand into our hands, where it felt so cool and smooth, and then back again into the box with its holes arranged star-fashion. And to see him shake sand over his paper when he wrote a letter, and then pour it back in a smooth stream, while the written lines sparkled and seemed to stand up from the page! Ah, blotting-paper is no doubt very convenient, but I should like to have a sand-box, nevertheless!

I cannot remember that our father was ever out of patience when we pulled his things about. He had many delightful stories, — one of "Jacky Nory," which had no end, and went on and on, through many a walk and garden prowl. Often, too, he would tell us of his own pranks when he was a little boy, — how they used to tease an old Portuguese sailor with a wooden leg, and how the old man would get very angry, and

cry out, "Calabash me rompe you!" meaning, "I 'll break your head!" How when he was a student in college, and ought to have known better, he led the president's old horse upstairs and left him in an upper room of one of the college buildings, where the poor beast astonished the passers-by by putting his head out of the windows and neighing. And then our father would shake his head and say he was a very naughty boy, and Harry must never do such things. (But Harry did!)

He loved to play and romp with us. Sometimes he would put on his great fur-coat, and come into the dining-room at dancing-time, on all-fours, growling horribly, and pursue us into corners, we shrieking with delighted terror. Or he would sing for us, sending us into fits of laughter, for he had absolutely no ear for music. There was one tune which he was quite sure he sang correctly, but no one could recognize it. At last he said, "Oh — Su-*san*na!" and then we all knew what the tune was. "Hail to the Chief!" was his favorite song, and he sang

it with great spirit and fervor, though the air was strictly original, and very peculiar. When he was tired of romping or carrying us on his shoulder, he would say, "No; no more! I have a bone in my leg!" which excuse was accepted by us little ones in perfect good faith, as we thought it some mysterious but painful malady.

If our father had no ear for music, he had a fine one for metre, and read poetry aloud very beautifully. His voice was melodious and ringing, and we were thrilled with his own enthusiasm as he read to us from Scott or Byron, his favorite poets. I never can read "The Assyrian came down," without hearing the ring of his voice and seeing the flash of his blue eyes as he recited the splendid lines. He had a great liking for Pope, too (as I wish more people had nowadays), and for Butler's "Hudibras," which he was constantly quoting. He commonly, when riding, wore but one spur, giving Hudibras's reason, that if one side of the horse went, the other must perforce go with it; and how often, on some early morning walk or ride, have I heard him say, —

"And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

Or if war or fighting were mentioned, he would often cry, —

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

I must not leave the subject of reading without speaking of his reading of the Bible, which was most impressive. No one who ever heard him read morning prayers at the Institution (which he always did until his health failed in later years) can have forgotten the grave, melodious voice, the reverent tone, the majestic head bent above the sacred book. Nor was it less impressive when on Sunday afternoons he read to us, his children. He would have us read, too, allowing us to choose our favorite psalms or other passages.

He was an early riser, and often shared our morning walks. Each child, as soon as it was old enough, was taught to ride; and the rides before breakfast with him are things never to be forgotten. He took one child at a time, so that all in turn might have the pleasure. It seems hardly longer

ago than yesterday,— the coming downstairs in the cool, dewy morning, nibbling a cracker for fear of hunger, springing into the saddle, the little black mare shaking her head, impatient to be off; the canter through the quiet streets, where only an early milkman or baker was to be seen, though on our return we should find them full of boys, who pointed the finger and shouted,—

> "Lady on a hossback,
> Row, row, row!"

then out into the pleasant country, galloping over the smooth road, or pacing quietly under shady trees. Our father was a superb rider; indeed, he never seemed so absolutely at home as in the saddle. He was very particular about our holding whip and reins in the right way.

Speaking of his riding reminds me of a story our mother used to tell us. When Julia was a baby, they were travelling in Italy, driving in an old-fashioned travelling-carriage. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and our father went in to make some inquiries. While he was gone, the

rascally driver thought it a good opportunity for him to slip in at the side door to get a draught of wine; and, the driver gone, the horses saw that here was *their* opportunity; so they took it, and ran away with our mother, the baby, and nurse in the carriage.

Our father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering round the corner in affright, and at once saw what had happened. He ran at full speed along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed. Rounding a corner of the mountain which the road skirted, he saw at a little distance a country wagon coming slowly toward him, drawn by a stout horse, the wagoner half asleep on the seat. Instantly our father's resolve was taken. He ran up, stopped the horse, unhitched him in the twinkling of an eye, leaped upon his back, and was off like a flash, before the astonished driver, who was not used to two-legged whirlwinds, could utter a word.

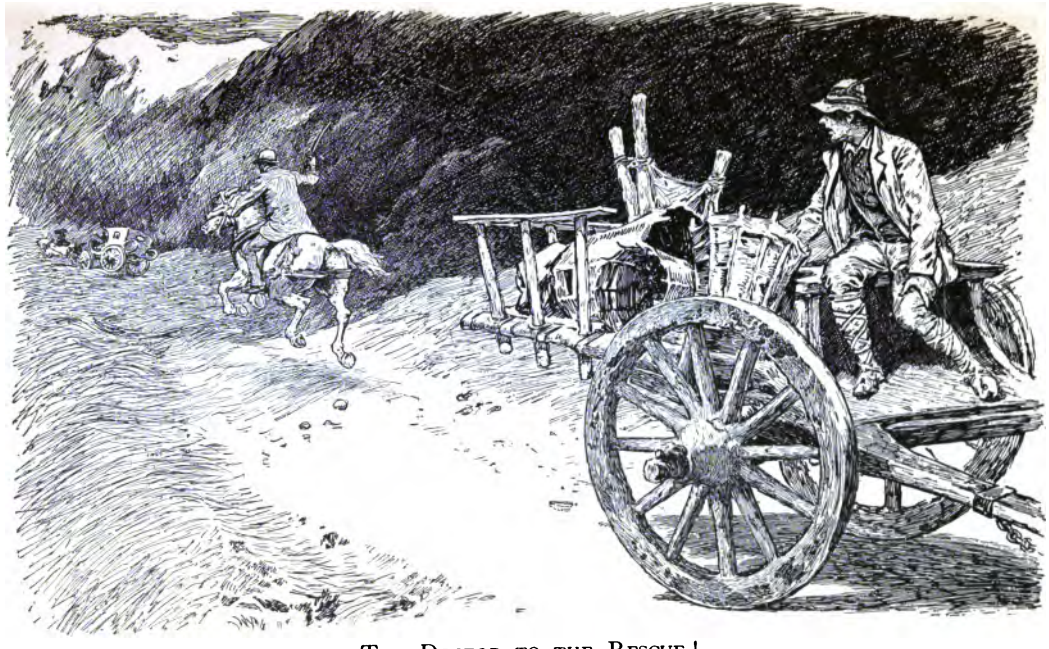
Probably the horse was equally astonished; but he felt a master on his back, and, urged

by hand and voice, he sprang to his topmost speed, galloped bravely on, and soon overtook the lumbering carriage-horses, which were easily stopped. No one was hurt, though our mother and the nurse had of course been sadly frightened. The horses were turned, and soon they came in sight of the unhappy countryman, still sitting on his wagon, petrified with astonishment. He received a liberal reward, and probably regretted that there were no more mad Americans to "steal a ride," and pay for it.

This presence of mind, this power of acting on the instant, was one of our father's great qualities. It was this that made him, when the wounded Greek sank down before him —

> "... fling him from his saddle,
> And place the stranger there."

It was this, when arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian government on suspicion of befriending unhappy Poland, that taught him what to do with the important papers he carried. In the minute during which he was left alone, before the official came to search



THE DOCTOR TO THE RESCUE!

him, he thrust the documents up into the hollow head of a bust of the King of Prussia which stood on a shelf; then tore some unimportant papers into the smallest possible fragments, and threw them into a basin of water which stood close at hand.

Next day the fragments carefully pasted together were shown to him, hours having been spent in the painful and laborious task; but nobody thought of looking for more papers in the head of King Friedrich Wilhelm.

Our father, though nothing could be proved against him, might have languished long in that Prussian prison had it not been for the exertions of a fellow-countryman. This gentleman had met him in the street the day before, had asked his address, and promised to call on him. Inquiring for him next day at the hotel, he was told that no such person was or had been there. Instantly suspecting foul play, this good friend went to the American minister, and told his story. The minister took up the matter warmly, and called upon the Prussian officials to give up his countryman. This, after repeated denials of

any knowledge of the affair, they at length reluctantly consented to do. Our father was taken out of prison at night, placed in a carriage, and driven across the border into France, where he was dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Prussia again.

One day, I remember, we were sitting at the dinner-table, when a messenger came flying, "all wild with haste and fear," to say that a fire had broken out at the Institution. Now, in those days there lay between Green Peace and the Institution a remnant of the famous Washington Heights, where Washington and his staff had once made their camp.

Much of the high ground had already been dug away, but there still remained a great hill sloping back and up from the garden wall, and terminating, on the side toward the Institution, in an abrupt precipice, some sixty feet high. The bearer of the bad news had been forced to come round by way of several streets, thus losing precious minutes; but the Doctor did not know what it was to lose a minute. Before any one could speak or ask

what he would do he was out of the house, ran through the garden, climbed the slope at the back, rushed like a flame across the green hill-top, and slid down the almost perpendicular face of the precipice! Bruised and panting, he reached the Institution and saw at a glance that the fire was in the upper story. Take time to go round to the door and up the stairs? Not he! He "swarmed" up the gutter-spout, and in less time than it takes to tell it was on the roof, and cutting away at the burning timbers with an axe, which he had got hold of no one knows how. That fire was put out, as were several others at which our father assisted.

Fire is swift, but it could not get ahead of the Doctor.

These are a few of the stories; but, as I said, it needs a volume to tell all about our father's life. I cannot tell in this short space how he worked with the friends of liberty to free the slave; how he raised the poor and needy, and "helped them to help themselves;" how he was a light to the blind, and to all who walked in darkness, whether

of sorrow, sin, or suffering. Most men, absorbed in such high works as these would have found scant leisure for family life and communion; but no finger-ache of our father's smallest child ever escaped his loving care, no childish thought or wish ever failed to win his sympathy. We who had this high privilege of being his children love to think of him as the brave soldier, the wise physician, the great philanthropist; but dearest of all is the thought of him as our loving and tender father.

And now, to end this chapter, you shall hear what Mr. Whittier, the noble and honored poet, thought of this friend of his: —

THE HERO.

"Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"Oh for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above, —
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"Oh that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

"But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

"Oh for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet, —
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man at least I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened one by one, —

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky;
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek, —

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare;
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Alla! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders, —
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle, —
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains
And the carbines of his band."

"It was very brave and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then;
"But one brave deed makes no hero:
Tell me what he since hath been?"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind;

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor,
And childhood's heart of play;

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noon-day skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged nature
Asks word or action brave;
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave;

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne, —
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own!

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

CHAPTER VI.

JULIA WARD.

ONCE upon a time, in a great house standing at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway, New York city, there lived a little girl. She was named Julia, after her lovely young mother; but as she grew she showed no resemblance to that mother, with her great dark eyes and wealth of black ringlets. This little girl had red hair, and that was a dreadful thing in those days. Very fine, soft hair it was, thick and wavy, but — it was red. Visitors, coming to see her mother, would shake their heads and say, "Poor little Julia! what a pity she has red hair!" and the tender mother would sigh, and regret that her child should have this misfortune, when there was no red hair in the family so far as one knew. And the beautiful hair was combed with a leaden

comb, as one old lady said that would turn it dark; and it was soaked in honey-water, as another old lady said that was really the best thing you could do with it; and the little Julia felt that she might almost as well be a hunchback or a cripple as that unfortunate creature, a red-haired child.

When she was six years old, her beautiful mother died; and after that Julia and her brothers and sisters were brought up by their good aunt, who came to make her home with them and their father. A very good aunt she was, and devoted to the motherless children; but sometimes she did funny things. They went out to ride every day — the children, I mean — in a great yellow chariot lined with fine blue cloth. Now, it occurred to their kind aunt that it would have a charming effect if the children were dressed to match the chariot. So thought, so done! Dressmakers and milliners plied their art; and one day Broadway was electrified by the sight of the little Misses Ward, seated in uneasy state on the blue cushions, clad in wonderful raiment of yellow and blue. They

JULIA WARD AND HER BROTHERS, AS CHILDREN.

(From a miniature by Miss Anne Hall.)

had blue pelisses and yellow satin bonnets. And this was all very well for the two younger ones, with their dark eyes and hair, and their rosy cheeks; but Julia, young as she was, felt dimly that blue and yellow was not the combination to set off her tawny locks and exquisite sea-shell complexion. It is not probable, however, that she sorrowed deeply over the funny clothes; for her mind was never set on clothes, either in childhood or in later life. Did not her sister meet her one day coming home from school with one blue shoe and one green? Her mind was full of beautiful thoughts; her eyes were lifted to the green trees and the blue sky bending above them: what did she care about shoes? Yes; and later is it not recorded that her sisters had great difficulty in persuading her to choose the stuff for her wedding-gown? So indifferent was she to all matters of dress!

Auntie F. had her own ideas about shoes and stockings, — not the color, but the quality of them. She did not believe in "pompeying" the children; so in the coldest winter

weather Julia and her sisters went to school in thin slippers and white cotton stockings. You shiver at the bare thought of this, my girl readers! You look at your comfortable leggings and overshoes (that is, if you live in upper New England, or anywhere in the same latitude), and wonder how the Ward children lived through such a course of "hardening"! But they did live, and Julia seems now far younger and stronger than any of her children.

School, which some children regard with mingled feelings (or so I have been told), was a delight to Julia. She grasped at knowledge with both hands, — plucked it as a little child plucks flowers, with unwearying enjoyment. Her teachers, like the "people" in the case of the

> "Young lady whose eyes
> Were unique as to color and size,"

all turned aside, and started away in surprise, as this little red-haired girl went on learning and learning and learning. At nine years old she was studying Paley's "Moral Philosophy," with girls of sixteen and eighteen.

She could not have been older when she heard a class reciting an Italian lesson, and fell in love with the melodious language. She listened, and listened again; then got a grammar and studied secretly, and one day handed to the astonished Italian teacher a letter correctly written in Italian, begging that she might join the class.

When I was speaking of the good aunt who was a second mother to the Ward children, I meant to say a word of the stern but devoted father who was the principal figure in Julia's early life. She says of him: "He was a majestic person, of somewhat severe aspect and reserved manners, but with a vein of true geniality and a great benevolence of heart." And she adds: "His great gravity, and the absence of a mother, naturally subdued the tone of the whole household; and though a greatly cherished set of children, we were not a very merry one."

Still, with all his gravity, Grandfather Ward had his gleams of fun occasionally. It is told that Julia had a habit of dropping off her slippers while at table. One day her

father felt a wandering shell of kid, with no foot to keep it steady. He put his own foot on it and moved it under his chair, then said in his deep, grave voice, "My daughter, will you bring me my seals, which I have left on the table in my room?" And poor Julia, after a vain and frantic hunting with both feet, was forced to go, crimson-cheeked, white-stockinged and slipperless, on the required errand. She would never have dreamed of asking for the shoe. She was the eldest daughter, the companion and joy of this sternly loving father. She always sat next him at table, and sometimes he would take her right hand in his left, and hold it for many minutes together, continuing to eat his dinner with his right hand; while she would rather go dinnerless than ask him to release her own fingers.

Grandfather Ward! It is a relief to confess our faults; and it may be my duty to say that as soon as I could reach it on tiptoe, it was my joy to pull the nose of his marble bust, which stood in the great dining-room at Green Peace. It was a fine, smooth, long

nose, most pleasant to pull; I fear I soiled it sometimes with my little grimy fingers. I trust children never do such naughty things nowadays.

Then there was Great-grandfather Ward, Julia's grandfather, who had the cradle and the great round spectacles. Doubtless he had many other things besides, for he was a substantial New York merchant; but the cradle and the spectacles are the only possessions of his that I have seen. I have the cradle now, and I can testify that Great-grandfather Ward (for I believe he was rocked in it, as his descendants for four generations since have been) must have been an extremely long baby. It is a fine old affair, of solid mahogany, and was evidently built to last as long as the Wards should last. Not so very long ago, two dear people who had been rocked together in that cradle fifty — or is it sixty? — years ago, sat down and clasped hands over it, and wept for pure love and tenderness and *leal souvenir*. Not less pleasant is its present use as the good ship "Pinafore," when six rosy, shout-

ing children tumble into it and rock violently, singing with might and main, —

> "We sail the ocean blue,
> And our saucy ship 's a beauty!"

That is all about the cradle.

My mother writes thus of Great-grandfather Ward, her own grandfather: —

"He had been a lieutenant-colonel in the war of American Independence. A letter from the Commander-in-Chief to Governor Samuel Ward (of Rhode Island) mentions a visit from "your son, a tall young man of soldierly aspect." I cannot quote the exact words. My grandfather had seen service in Arnold's march through 'the wilderness' to Quebec. He was present at the battle of Red Bank. After the close of the war he engaged in commercial pursuits, and made a voyage to India as supercargo of a merchant vessel belonging to Moses Brown, of Providence. He was in Paris at the time of the king's death (Louis XVI.), and for some time before that tragic event. He speaks in his journal of having met several of the leading revolutionists of that time at a friend's house, and characterizes them as 'exceeding plain men, but very zealous.' He passed the day of the king's execution, which he calls 'one of horror,' in Versailles, and was grieved at the conduct of several

LIEUT.-COL. SAMUEL WARD.

Born Nov. 17, 1756 Died Aug. 16, 1832.

Americans, who not only remained in town, but also attended the execution. When he finally left Paris, a proscribed nobleman, disguised as a footman, accompanied the carriage, and so cheated the guillotine of one expected victim.

"Colonel Ward, as my grandfather was always called, was a graduate of Brown University, and a man of scholarly tastes. He possessed a diamond edition of Latin classics, which always went with him in his campaigns, and which is still preserved in the family. In matters of art he was not so well posted. Of the pictures in the gallery of the Luxembourg he remarks in his diary: 'The old pictures are considered the best, I cannot think why.'

"I remember him as very tall, stooping a little, with white hair and mild blue eyes, which matched well his composed speech and manners."

I have called Great-grandfather Ward a merchant, but he was far more than that. The son of Governor Ward of Rhode Island, he was only eighteen when, as a gallant young captain, he marched his company to the siege of Boston; and then (as his grandson writes me to-day) he "marched through the wilderness of Maine, through snow and ice, barefoot, to Quebec." Some of my readers

may possess an engraving of Trumbull's famous painting of the "Attack on Quebec." Look in the left-hand corner, and you will see a group of three, — one of them a young, active figure with flashing eyes; that is Great-grandfather Ward. He rose to be major, then lieutenant-colonel; was at Peekskill, Valley Forge, and Red Bank, and wrote the official account of the last-named battle, which may be found in Washington's correspondence. Besides being a good man and a brave soldier, he was a very good grandfather; and this made it all the more naughty for his granddaughter Julia to behave as she did one day. Being then a little child, she sat down at the piano, placed a music-book on the rack, and began to pound and thump on the keys, making the hideous discord which seems always to afford pleasure to the young. Her grandfather was sitting by, book in hand; and after enduring the noise for some time patiently, he said in his kind, courtly way, "Is it so set down in the book, my dear?"

"Yes, Grandpapa!" said naughty Julia,

and went on banging; while grandpapa, who made no pretense of being a musician, offered no further comment or remonstrance.

Julia grew up a student and a dreamer. She confesses to having been an extremely absent person, and much of the time unconscious of what passed around her. "In the large rooms of my father's house," she says, "I walked up and down, perpetually alone, dreaming of extraordinary things that I should see and do. I now began to read Shakspere and Byron, and to try my hand at poems and plays." She rejoices that none of the productions of this period were published, and adds: "I regard it as a piece of great good fortune; for a little praise or a little censure would have been a much more disturbing element in those days than in these." I wish these sentiments were more general with young writers.

Still, life was not all study and dreaming. There were sometimes merrymakings: witness the gay ball after which Julia wrote to her brother, "I have been through the burning fiery furnace; and I am Sad-rake, Me-

sick, and Abed-no-go." There was mischief, too, and sometimes downright naughtiness. Who was the poor gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, from whom Julia and her sisters extracted a promise that he would eat nothing for three days but what they should send him, — they in return promising three meals a day? He consented, innocently thinking that these dear young creatures wanted to display their skill in cookery, and expecting all kinds of delicacies and airy dainties of pastry and confectionery. Yes! and being a man of his word, he lived for three days on gruel, of which those "dear young creatures" sent him a bowl at morning, noon, and night; and on nothing else!

In a certain little cabinet where many precious things are kept, I have a manuscript poem, written by Julia Ward for the amusement of her brothers and sisters when she was still a very young girl. It is called "The Ill-cut Mantell; A Romaunt of the time of Kynge Arthur." The story is an old one, but the telling of it is all Julia's own, and I must quote a few lines: —

"I cannot well describe in rhyme
The female toilet of that time.
I do not know how trains were carried,
How single ladies dressed or married;
If caps were proper at a ball,
Or even if caps were worn at all;
If robes were made of crape or tulle,
If skirts were narrow, gored, or full.
Perhaps, without consulting grace,
The hair was scraped back from the face,
While on the head a mountain rose,
Crowned, like Mont Blanc, with endless snows.
It may be that the locks were shorn;
It may be that the lofty puff,
The stomacher, the rising ruff,
The bodice, or the veil were worn.
Perhaps mantillas were the passion,
Perhaps ferronières were in fashion,—
I cannot, and I will not tell.
But this one thing I wot full well,
That every lady there was dressed
In what she thought became her best.
All further notices, I grieve,
I must to your imagination leave."

Julia sometimes tried to awaken in her sisters' minds the poetic aspirations which filled her own. One day she found the two little girls playing some childish game, which seemed to her unnecessarily frivolous. (You all know, I am sure, the eldest sister's motto,—

"Good advice and counsel sage,
And 'I never did so when I was your age;'"

and the companion sentiment of the younger sister, —

"'Sister, don't!' and 'Sister, do!'
And 'Why may not I as well as you?'")

Miss Ward, — she was always called Miss Ward, poor little dear! and her dolls were taken away from her when she was only nine years old, that she might better feel the dignity of her position! — Miss Ward rebuked the little sisters, and bade them lay aside their foolish toys and improve their minds by composing poetry. Louisa shook her black curls, and would not, — moreover, did not, being herself a child of some firmness. But little sweet Annie would try, to please Sister Julia; and after much thought and labor she produced the following pious effusion: —

"He feeds the ravens when they call,
And stands them in a pleasant hall."

I never can recall these lines without having an instant vision of a pillared hall, fair and

JULIA WARD.

stately, with ravens standing in niches along the sides, between the marble columns!

So this maiden, Julia, grew up to womanhood, dreamy and absent, absorbed in severe study and composition, yet always ready with the brilliant flashes of her wit, which broke like sunbeams through the mist of dreams. She was very fair to look upon. No one now pitied her for the glorious crown of red-gold hair, which set off the rose and ivory of her matchless complexion; every one recognized and acknowledged in her "stately Julia, queen of all."

Once, while on a visit to Boston, Julia heard the wonderful story of Laura Bridgman, who had just been led out of darkness into the light of life and joy by a certain Dr. Howe, a man of whom people spoke as a modern paladin of romance, a Roland or Bayard. She saw him, and felt at once that he was the most remarkable man she had ever known. He, on his part, saw a youthful prophetess, radiant and inspired, crowned with golden hair. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into love; and

so it happened that, in the year 1843, Samuel G. Howe and Julia Ward were married. The next chapter shall tell you of Julia Ward Howe, as we, her children, have known her.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR MOTHER.

(MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.)

OUR mother's story should be sung rather than said, so much has music to do with it. My earliest recollection of my mother is of her standing by the piano in the great dining-room, dressed in black velvet, with her beautiful neck and arms bare, and singing to us. Her voice was a very rare and perfect one, we have since learned; we knew then only that we did not care to hear any one else sing when we might hear her. The time for singing was at twilight, when the dancing was over, and we gathered breathless and exhausted about the piano for the last and greatest treat. Then the beautiful voice would break out, and flood the room with melody, and fill our childish hearts with almost painful rapture. Our mother knew all the songs in the world, — that was our firm

belief. Certainly we never found an end to her repertory.

There were German student songs, which she had learned from her brother when he came back from Heidelberg, — merry, jovial ditties, with choruses of "Juvevallera!" and "Za hi! Za he! Za ho-o-o-o-o-oh!" in which we joined with boundless enthusiasm. There were gay little French songs, all ripple and sparkle and trill; and soft, melting Italian serenades and barcaroles, which we thought must be like the notes of the nightingale. And when we called to have our favorites repeated again and again, she would sing them over and over with never failing patience; and not one of us ever guessed, as we listened with all our souls, that the cunning mother was giving us a French lesson, or a German or Italian lesson, as the case might be, and that what was learned in that way would never be forgotten all our lives long.

Besides the foreign songs, there were many songs of our mother's own making, which we were never weary of hearing. Sometimes

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she composed a melody for some old ballad, but more often the words and music both were hers. Where were such nonsense-songs as hers?

"Little old dog sits under the chair,
Twenty-five grasshoppers snarled in his hair.
Little old dog's beginning to snore,
Mother forbids him to do so no more."

Or again, —

"Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
Your sweetheart will come by and by.
When he comes, he'll come in green, —
That's a sign that you're his queen.

"Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
Your sweetheart will come by and by,
When he comes, he'll come in blue, —
That's a sign that he'll be true."

And so on through all the colors of the rainbow, till finally expectation was wrought up to the highest pitch by the concluding lines:

"When he comes, he'll come in gray, —
That's a sign he'll come to-day!"

Then it was a pleasant thing that each child could have his or her own particular song merely for the asking. Laura well re-

members her good-night song, which was sung to the very prettiest tune in the world:

"Sleep, my little child,
So gentle, sweet, and mild!
The little lamb has gone to rest,
The little bird is in its nest," —

"Put in the donkey!" cried Laura, at this point of the first singing. "Please put in the donkey!" So the mother went on, —

"The little donkey in the stable
Sleeps as sound as he is able;
All things now their rest pursue,
You are sleepy too."

It was with this song sounding softly in her ears, and with the beautiful hand, like soft warm ivory, stroking her hair, that Laura used to fall asleep. Do you not envy the child?

Maud's songs were perhaps the loveliest of all, though they could not be dearer than my donkey-song. Here is one of them: —

"Baby with the hat and plume,
And the scarlet cloak so fine,
Come where thou hast rest and room,
Little baby mine!

"Whence those eyes so crystal clear?
Whence those curls, so silky soft?
Thou art Mother's darling dear,
I have told thee oft.

"I have told thee many times,
And repeat it yet again,
Wreathing thee about with rhymes
Like a flowery chain, —

"Rhymes that sever and unite
As the blossom fetters do,
As the mother's weary night
Happy days renew."

Perhaps some of my readers may already know the lovely verses called "Baby's Shoes."

"Little feet, prètty feet,
Feet of fairy Maud, —
Fair and fleet, trim and neat,
Carry her abroad!

"Be as wings, tiny things,
To my butterfly;
In the flowers, hours on hours,
Let my darling lie.

"Shine ye must, in the dust,
Twinkle as she runs,
Threading a necklace gay,
Through the summer suns.

"Stringing days, borrowing phrase,
Weaving wondrous plots,
With her eyes blue and wise
As forget-me-nots.

. . . . .

"Cinderel, grown a belle,
Coming from her ball,
Frightened much, let just such
A tiny slipper fall.

"If men knew as I do
Half thy sweets, my own,
They 'd not delay another day, —
I should be alone.

"Come and go, friend and foe,
Fairy Prince most fine!
Take your gear otherwhere!
Maud is only mine."

But it was not all singing, of course. Our mother read to us a great deal too, and told us stories, from the Trojan War down to "Puss in Boots." It was under her care, I think, that we used to look over the "Shakspere book." This was a huge folio, bound in rusty-brown leather, and containing the famous Boydell prints illustrating the plays of Shakspere. The frontispiece represented Shakspere nursed by Tragedy and Comedy,—

the prettiest, chubbiest of babies, seated on the ground with his little toes curled up under him, while a lovely, laughing lady bent down to whisper in his ear; and another one, grave but no less beautiful, gazed earnestly upon him. Then came the "Tempest,"—oh, most lovely! The first picture showed Ariel dancing along the "yellow sands," while Prospero waved him on with a commanding gesture; in the second, Miranda, all white and lovely, was coming out of the darksome cavern, and smiling with tender compassion on Ferdinand, who was trying to lift an impossible log. Then there was the delicious terror of the "Macbeth" pictures, with the witches and Banquo's ghost. But soon our mother would turn the page and show us the exquisite figure of Puck, sitting on a toadstool, and make us shout with laughter over Nick Bottom and his rustic mates. From these magic pages we learned to hate Richard III. duly, and to love the little princes, whom Northcote's lovely picture showed in white-satin doublet and hose, embracing each other, while the wicked un-

cle glowered at them from behind; and we wept over the second picture, where they lay asleep, unconscious of the fierce faces bending over them. Yes, we loved the "Shakspere book" very much.

Sometimes our mother would give us a party, — and that was sure to be a delightful affair, with charades or magic lantern or something of the kind. Here is an account of one such party, written by our mother herself in a letter to her sister, which lies before me: —

"My guests arrived in omnibus loads at four o'clock. My notes to parents concluded with the following P. S.: 'Return omnibus provided, with insurance against plum-cake and other accidents.' A donkey carriage afforded great amusement out of doors, together with swing, bowling-alley, and the Great Junk. [I have not mentioned the Junk yet, but you shall hear of it in good time.] While all this was going on, the H.'s, J. S., and I prepared a theatrical exhibition, of which I had made a hasty outline. It was the story of 'Blue Beard.' We had curtains which drew back and forth, and regular footlights. You can't think how good it was! There were four scenes. My antique cabi-

net was the 'Blue Beard' cabinet; we yelled in delightful chorus when the door was opened, and the children stretched their necks to the last degree to see the horrible sight. The curtain closed upon a fainting-fit, done by four women. In the third scene we were scrubbing the fatal key, when I cried out, 'Try the mustang liniment! It's *the* liniment for us, for you know we *must hang* if we don't succeed!' This, which was made on the spur of the moment, overcame the whole audience with laughter, and I myself shook so that I had to go down into the tub in which we were scrubbing the key. Well, to make a long story short, our play was very successful, and immediately afterward came supper. There were four long tables for the children; twenty sat at each. Ice-cream, cake, blancmange, and delicious sugar-plums, also oranges, etc., were served up 'in style.' We had our supper a little later. Three omnibus-loads went from my door; the last — the grown people — at nine o'clock."

In another letter to the same dear sister, our mother says: —

"I have written a play for our doll theatre, and performed it yesterday afternoon with great success. It occupied nearly an hour. I had alternately to grunt and squeak the parts, while Chev

played the puppets. [Chev was the name by which she always called our father; it was an abbreviation of Chevalier, for he was always to her the 'knight without reproach or fear.'] The effect was really extremely good. The spectators were in a dark room, and the little theatre, lighted by a lamp from the top, looked very pretty."

This may have been the play of "Beauty and the Beast," of which the manuscript is unhappily lost. I can recall but one passage:

> "But he thought on 'Beauty's' flower,
> And he popped into a bower,
> And he plucked the fairest rose
> That grew beneath his nose."

I remember the theatre well, and the puppets. They were quite unearthly in their beauty, — all except the "Beast," a strange, fur-covered monstrosity. The "Prince" was gilded in a most enchanting manner, and his mustache curled with an expression of royal pride. I have seen no other prince like him.

All this was at Green Peace; but many as are the associations with her beloved presence there, it is at the Valley that I most constantly picture our mother. She loved

the Valley more than any other place on earth, I think; so it is always pleasant to fancy her there. Study formed always an important part of her life. It was her delight and recreation, when wearied with household cares, to plunge into German metaphysics, or into the works of the Latin poets, whom she greatly loved. She has told, in one of her own poems, how she used to sit under the apple-trees with her favorite poet, —

> "Here amid shadows, lovingly embracing,
> Dropt from above by apple-trees unfruitful,
> With a chance scholar, caught and held to help me,
> Read I in Horace," etc.

But I do not think she had great need of the "chance scholar." I remember the book well, — two great brown volumes, morocco-bound, with "Horatius Ed. Orelli" on the back. We naturally supposed this to be the writer's entire name; and to this day, 'Quintus Horatius Flaccus' (though I have nothing to say against its authenticity) does not seem to me as *real* a name as "Horatius Ed. Orelli."

Our mother's books, — alas that we should

have been so familiar with the outside of them, and have known so little of the inside! There was Tacitus, who was high-shouldered and pleasant to handle, being bound in smooth brown calf. There was Kant, who could not spell his own name (we thought it ought to begin with a C!). There was Spinoza, whom we fancied a hunchback, with a long, thin, vibrating nose. ("What's in a name?" A great deal, dear Juliet, I assure you.) Fichte had a sneezing sort of face, with the nose all "squinnied up," as we used to say; and as for Hilpert, who wrote the great German dictionary, there can be no reasonable doubt that he was a cripple and went on crutches, though I have no authority to give for the fact beyond the resemblance of his name to the Scotch verb "hirple," meaning "to hobble."

Very, very much our mother loved her books. Yet how quickly were they laid aside when any head was bumped, any knee scratched, any finger cut! When we tumbled down and hurt ourselves, our father always cried, "Jump up and take another!" and

that was very good for us; but our mother's kiss made it easier to jump up.

Horace could be brought out under the apple-trees; even Kant and Spinoza sometimes came there, though I doubt whether they enjoyed the fresh air. But our mother had other work besides study, and many of her most precious hours were spent each day at the little black table in her own room, where papers lay heaped like snowdrifts. Here she wrote the beautiful poems, the brilliant essays, the earnest and thoughtful addresses, which have given pleasure and help and comfort to so many people throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many of her words have become household sayings which we could not spare; but there is one poem which every child knows, at whose opening line every heart, from youth to age, must thrill, — "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Thirty years have passed since this noble poem was written. It came in that first year of the war, like the sound of a silver trumpet, like the flash of a lifted sword; and all men felt that this was the

word for which they had been waiting. You shall hear, in our mother's own words, how it came to be written: —

"In the late autumn of the year 1861 I visited the national capital in company with my husband Dr. Howe, and a party of friends, among whom were Governor and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, and my dear pastor Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

"The journey was one of vivid, even romantic interest. We were about to see the grim Demon of War face to face; and long before we reached the city his presence made itself felt in the blaze of fires along the road where sat or stood our pickets, guarding the road on which we travelled.

"One day we drove out to attend a review of troops, appointed to take place some distance from the city. In the carriage with me were James Freeman Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple. The day was fine, and everything promised well; but a sudden surprise on the part of the enemy interrupted the proceedings before they were well begun. A small body of our men had been surrounded and cut off from their companions; reinforcements were sent to their assistance, and the expected pageant was necessarily given up. The troops who were to have taken part in it were

ordered back to their quarters, and we also turned our horses' heads homeward.

"For a long distance the foot-soldiers nearly filled the road. They were before and behind, and we were obliged to drive very slowly. We presently began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them —

'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.'

This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, 'Good for you!' and themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke said to me, 'You ought to write some new words to that tune.' I replied that I had often wished to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day I went to bed and slept as usual, but awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily rose, saying to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately.' I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen which I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by often scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay

down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.

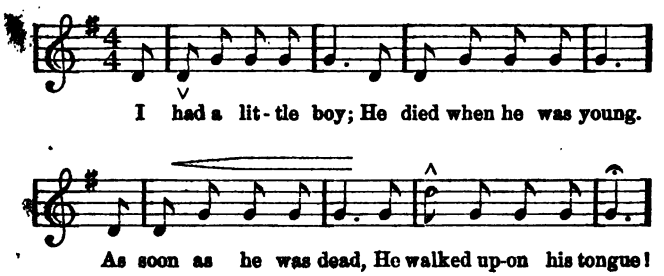
"The poem was published soon after this time in the Atlantic Monthly. It first came prominently into notice when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having somehow become possessed of a copy of the 'Battle Hymn,' sang it with a will in their prison, on receiving surreptitious tidings of a Union victory."

Our mother's genius might soar as high as heaven on the wings of such a song as this; but we always considered that she was tied to our little string, and we never doubted (alas!) our perfect right to pull her down to earth whenever a matter of importance — such as a doll's funeral or a sick kitten — was at hand.

To her our confidences were made, for she had a rare understanding of the child-mind. We were always sure that Mamma knew "just how it was."

To her did Julia, at the age of five, or it may have been six, impart the first utter-

ances of her infant Muse. "Mamma," said the child, trembling with delight and awe, "I have made a poem, and set it to music!" Of course our mother was deeply interested, and begged to hear the composition; whereupon, encouraged by her voice and smile, Julia sang as follows: —



Our mother's ear for music was exquisitely fine, — so fine, that when she was in her own room, and a child practising below-stairs played a false note, she would open her door and cry, "B *flat*, dear! not B natural!" This being so, it was grievous to her when one day, during her precious study hour, Harry came and chanted outside her door:

"Hong-kong! hong-kong! hong-kong!"

"Harry!" she cried, "do stop that dreadful noise!" But when the little lad showed a piteous face, and said reproachfully, "Why, Mamma, I was singing to you!" who so ready as our mother to listen to the funny song and thank the child for it?

When ten-year-old Laura wrote, in a certain precious little volume bound in Scotch plaid, "Whence these longings after the infinite?" (I cannot remember any more!) be sure that if any eyes were suffered to rest upon the sacred lines they were those kind, clear, understanding gray eyes of our mother.

Through all and round all, like a laughing river, flowed the current of her wit and fun. No child could be sad in her company. If we were cold, there was a merry bout of "fisticuffs" to warm us; if we were too warm, there was a song or story while we sat still and "cooled off." We all had nicknames, our own names being often too sober to suit her laughing mood. We were "Petotty," "Jehu," "Wolly," and "Bunks of Bunktown."

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On one occasion our mother's presence of mind saved the life of the child Laura, then a baby of two years old. We were all staying at the Institution for some reason, and the nursery was in the fourth story of the lofty building. One day our mother came into the room, and to her horror saw little Laura rolling about on the broad window-sill, the window being wide open; only a few inches space between her and the edge, and then — the street, fifty feet below! The nurse was, I know not where, — anywhere save where she ought to have been. Our mother stepped quickly and quietly back out of sight, and called gently, "Laura! come here, dear! Come to me! I have something to show you." A moment's agonized pause, — and then she heard the little feet patter on the floor, and in another instant held the child clasped in her arms. If she had screamed, or rushed forward, the child would have started, and probably would have fallen and been dashed to pieces.

It was very strange to us to find other children holding their revels without their

father and mother. "Papa and Mamma" were always the life and soul of ours.

Our mother's letters to her sister are delightful, and abound in allusions to the children. In one of them she playfully upbraids her sister for want of attention to the needs of the baby of the day, in what she calls "Family Trochaics": —

> "Send along that other pink shoe
> You have been so long in knitting!
> Are you not ashamed to think that
> Wool was paid for at Miss Carman's
> With explicit understanding
> You should knit it for my baby?
> And that baby 's now a-barefoot,
> While your own, no doubt, has choice of
> Pink, blue, yellow — every color,
> For its little drawn-up toe-toes,
> For its toe-toes, small as green peas,
> Counted daily by the mother,
> To be sure that none is missing!"

Our mother could find amusement in almost anything. Even a winter day of pouring rain, which made other housewives groan and shake their heads at thought of the washing, could draw from her the following lines: —

THE RAINY DAY.

(*After Longfellow.*)

The morn was dark, the weather low,
The household fed by gaslight show, —
When from the street a shriek arose:
The milkman, bellowing through his nose,
Expluvior!

The butcher came, a walking flood,
Drenching the kitchen where he stood:
"Deucalion is your name, I pray?"
"Moses!" he choked, and slid away.
Expluvior!

The neighbor had a coach and pair
To struggle out and take the air;
Slip-slop, the loose galoshes went;
I watched his paddling with content.
Expluvior!

A wretch came floundering up the ice
(The rain had washed it smooth and nice),
Two ribs stove in above his head,
As, turning inside out, he said,
Expluvior!

No doubt, alas! we often imposed upon the tenderness of this dear mother. She was always absent-minded, and of this quality advantage was sometimes taken. One day,

when guests were dining with her, Harry came and asked if he might do something that happened to be against the rules. "No, dear," said our mother, and went on with the conversation. In a few moments Harry was at her elbow again with the same question, and received the same answer. This was repeated an indefinite number of times; at length our mother awoke suddenly to the absurdity of it, and, turning to the child, said: "Harry, what do you mean by asking me this question over and over again, when I have said 'no' each time?" "Because," was the reply, "Flossy said that if I asked often enough, you might say 'yes!'"

I am glad to say that our mother did *not* "say yes" on this occasion. But, on the other hand, Maud was not whipped for taking the cherries, when she needed a whipping sorely. The story is this: it was in the silent days of her babyhood, for Maud did not speak a single word till she was two years and a half old; then she said, one day, "Look at that little dog!" and after that talked as well as any child. But if she

did not speak in those baby days, she thought a great deal. One day she thought she wanted some wild cherries from the little tree by the stone-wall, down behind the corn-crib at the Valley. So she took them, such being her disposition. Our mother, coming upon the child thus, forbade her strictly to touch the cherries, showing her at the same time a little switch, and saying: "If you eat any more cherries, I shall have to whip you with this switch!" She went into the house, and forgot the incident. But presently Maud appeared, with a bunch of cherries in one hand and the switch in the other. Fixing her great blue eyes on our mother with earnest meaning, she put the cherries in her mouth, and then held out the switch. Alas! and our mother — did — not — whip her! I mention this merely to show that our mother was (and, indeed, is) mortal. But Maud was the baby, and the prettiest thing in the world, and had a way with her that was very hard to resist.

It was worth while to have measles and things of that sort, not because one had

stewed prunes and cream-toast — oh, no! — but because our mother sat by us, and sang "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," or some mystic ballad.

The walks with her are never to be forgotten, — twilight walks round the hill behind the house, with the wonderful sunset deepening over the bay, turning all the world to gold and jewels; or through the Valley itself, the lovely wild glen, with its waterfall and its murmuring stream, and the solemn Norway firs, with their warning fingers. The stream was clear as crystal, its rocky banks fringed with jewel-weed and rushes; the level sward was smooth and green as emerald. By the waterfall stood an old mill, whose black walls looked down on a deep brown pool, into which the foaming cascade fell with a musical, rushing sound. I have described the Valley very fully elsewhere,[1] but cannot resist dwelling on its beauty again in connection with our mother,—who loved so to wander through it, or to sit with her work under the huge ash-tree in the middle, where

[1] In the book entitled "Queen Hildegarde."

JULIA WARD HOWE.

(From a recent photograph.)

our father had placed seats and a rustic table. Here, and in the lovely, lonely fields, as we walked, our mother talked with us, and we might share the rich treasures of her thought.

> "And oh the words that fell from her mouth
> Were words of wonder and words of truth!"

One such word, dropped in the course of conversation as the maiden in the fairy-story dropped diamonds and pearls, comes now to my mind, and I shall write it here because it is good to think of and to say over to one's self: —

> "I gave my son a palace
> And a kingdom to control, —
> The palace of his body,
> The kingdom of his soul."

In the Valley, too, many famous parties and picnics were given. The latter are to be remembered with especial delight. A picnic with our mother and one without her are two very different things. I never knew that a picnic could be dull till I grew up and went to one where that brilliant, gracious presence was lacking. The games we

played, the songs we sang, the garlands of oak and maple leaves that we wove, listening to the gay talk if we were little, joining in it when we were older; the simple feast, and then the improvised charades or tableaux, always merry, often graceful and lovely! — ah, these are things to remember!

Our mother's hospitality was boundless. She loved to fill the little house to overflowing in summer days, when every one was glad to get out into the fresh, green country. Often the beds were all filled, and we children had to take to sofas and cots: once, I remember, Harry slept on a mattress laid on top of the piano, there being no other vacant spot.

Sometimes strangers as well as friends shared this kindly hospitality. I well remember one wild stormy night, when two men knocked at the door and begged for a night's lodging. They were walking to the town, they said, five miles distant, but had been overtaken by the storm. The people at the farm-house near by had refused to take them in; there was no other shelter near. Our mother hesitated a moment.

Our father was away; the old coachman slept in the barn, at some distance from the house; she was alone with the children and the two maids, and Julia was ill with a fever. These men might be vagabonds, or worse. Should she let them in? Then, perhaps, she may have heard, amid the howling of the storm, a voice which she has followed all her life, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in!" She bade the men enter, in God's name, and gave them food, and then led them to an upper bedroom, cautioning them to tread softly as they passed the door of the sick child's room.

Well, that is all. Nothing happened. The men proved to be quiet, respectable persons, who departed, thankful, the next morning.

The music of our mother's life is still sounding on, noble, helpful, and beautiful. Many people may still look into her serene face, and hear her silver voice; and no one will look or hear without being the better for it. I cannot close this chapter better than with some of her own words, — a poem

which I wish every child, and every grown person too, who reads this might learn by heart.

A PARABLE.

"I sent a child of mine to-day:
I hope you used him well."
"Now, Lord, no visitor of yours
Has waited at my bell.

"The children of the millionaire
Run up and down our street,
I glory in their well-combed hair,
Their dress and trim complete.

"But yours would in a chariot come
With thoroughbreds so gay,
And little merry maids and men
To cheer him on his way."

"Stood, then, no child before your door?"
The Lord, persistent, said.
"Only a ragged beggar-boy,
With rough and frowzy head.

"The dirt was crusted on his skin,
His muddy feet were bare;
The cook gave victuals from within:
I cursed his coming there."

What sorrow, silvered with a smile,
Glides o'er the face divine?
What tenderest whisper thrills rebuke?
"The beggar-boy was mine!"

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR TEACHERS.

I DO not know why we had so many teachers. No doubt it was partly because we were very troublesome children. But I think it was also partly owing to the fact that our father was constantly overrun by needy foreigners seeking employment. He was a philanthropist; he had been abroad, and spoke foreign languages, — that was enough! His office was besieged by "all peoples, nations, and languages," — all, as a rule, hungry,— Greeks, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, occasionally a Frenchman or an Englishman, though these last were rare. Many of them were political exiles; sometimes they brought letters from friends in Europe, sometimes not.

Our father's heart never failed to respond to any appeal of this kind when the applicant really wanted work; for sturdy beggars he had no mercy. So it sometimes hap-

pened that, while waiting for something else to turn up, the exile of the day would be set to teaching us, — partly to give him employment, partly also by way of finding out what he knew and was fit for. In this way did Professor Feaster (this may not be the correct spelling, but it was our way, and suited him well) come to be our tutor for a time. He was a very stout man, so stout that we considered him a second Daniel Lambert. He may have been an excellent teacher, but almost my only recollection of him is that he made the most enchanting little paper houses, with green doors and blinds that opened and shut. He painted the inside of the houses in some mysterious way, — at least there were patterns on the floor, like mosaic-work, — and the only drawback to our perfect happiness on receiving one of them was that we were too big to get inside.

I say this is almost my only recollection of this worthy man; but candor compels me to add that the other picture which his name conjures up is of Harry and Laura

marching round the dining-room table, each shouldering a log of wood, and shouting, —

> "We 'll kill old Feaster!
> We 'll kill old Feaster!"

This was very naughty indeed; but, as I have said before, we were often naughty.

One thing more I do recollect about poor Professor Feaster. Flossy was at once his delight and his terror. She was so bright, so original, so — alas! so impish. She used to climb up on his back, lean over his shoulder, and pull out his watch to see if the lesson-hour were over. To be sure, she was only eight at this time, and possibly the scenes from "Wilhelm Tell" which he loved to declaim with republican fervor may have been rather beyond her infant comprehension.

One day Flossy made up her mind that the Professor should take her way about something — I quite forget what — rather than his own. She set herself deliberately against him, — three feet to six! — and declared that he should do as she said. The

poor Professor looked down on this fiery pygmy with eyes that sparkled through his gold-bowed spectacles. "I haf refused," he cried in desperation, "to opey ze Emperor of Austria, mees! Do you sink I will opey *you?*"

Then there was Madame S——, a Danish lady, very worthy, very accomplished, and — ugly enough to frighten all knowledge out of a child's head. She was my childish ideal of personal uncomeliness, yet she was most good and kind.

It was whispered that she had come to this country with intent to join the Mormons (of course we heard nothing of this till years after), but the plan had fallen through; she, Madame S——, did not understand why, but our mother, on looking at her, thought the explanation not so difficult. She had a religion of her own, this poor, good, ugly dame. It was probably an entirely harmless one, though she startled our mother one day by approving the action of certain fanatics who had killed one of their number (by his own consent) because he had a devil. "If he did

have a devil," quoth Madame, beaming mildly over the purple morning-glory she was crocheting, "it may have been a good thing that he was killed."

As I say, this startled our mother, who began to wonder what would happen if Madame S—— should take it into her head that any of our family was possessed by a devil; but neither poison nor dagger appeared, and Madame was never anything but the meekest of women.

I must not forget to say that before she began to teach she had wished to become a lecturer. She had a lecture all ready; it began with a poetical outburst, as follows:

> "I am a Dane! I am a Dane!
> I am not ashamed of the royal name!"

But we never heard of its being delivered. I find this mention of Madame S—— in a letter from our mother to her sister: —

> "Danish woman very ugly,
> But remarkably instructive, —
> Drawing, painting, French, and German,
> Fancy-work of all descriptions,
> With geography and grammar.
> She will teach for very little,
> And is a superior person."

I remember some of the fancy-work. There were pink-worsted roses, very wonderful, — really not at all like the common roses one sees in gardens. You wound the worsted round and round, spirally, and then you ran your needle down through the petal and pulled it a little; this, as any person of intelligence will readily perceive, made a rose-petal with a dent of the proper shape in it. These petals had to be pressed in a book to keep them flat, while others were making. Sometimes, years and years after, one would find two or three of them between the leaves of an old volume of "Punch," or some other book; and instantly would rise up before the mind's eye the figure of Madame S——, with scarlet face and dark-green dress, and a very remarkable nose.

Flossy reminds me that she always smelt of peppermint. So she did, poor lady! and probably took it for its medicinal properties.

Then there was the wax fruit. You young people of sophisticated to-day, who make such things of real beauty with your skilful, kindergarten-trained fingers, what would you

say to the wax fruit and flowers of our childhood? Perhaps you would like to know how to make them. We bought wax at the apothecary's, white wax, in round flat cakes, pleasant to nibble, and altogether gratifying, — wax, and chrome-yellow and carmine, the colors in powder. We put the wax in a pipkin (I always say "pipkin" when I have a chance, because it is such a charming word; but if my readers prefer "saucepan," let them have it by all means!) — we put it, I say, in a pipkin, and melted it. (For a pleasure wholly without alloy, I can recommend the poking and punching of half-melted wax.) Then, when it was ready, we stirred in the yellow powder, which produced a fine Bartlett color. Then we poured the mixture — oh, joy! — into the two pear or peach shaped halves of the plaster mold, and clapped them together; and when the pear or peach was cool and dry, we took a camel's-hair brush and painted a carmine cheek on one side. I do not say that this was art, or advancement of culture; I do not say that its results were anything but hideous and abnormal;

but I do maintain that it was a delightful and enchanting amusement. And if there was a point of rapture beyond this, it was the coloring of melted wax to a delicate rose hue, and dipping into it a dear little spaddle (which, be it explained to the ignorant, is a flat disk with a handle to it) and taking out liquid rose-petals, which hardened in a few minutes and were rolled delicately off with the finger. When one had enough (say, rather, when one could tear one's self away from the magic pipkin), one put the petals together; and there you had a rose that was like nothing upon earth.

After all, were wax flowers so much more hideous, I wonder, than some things one sees to-day? Why is it that such a stigma attaches to the very name of them? Why do not people go any longer to see the wax figures in the Boston Museum? Perhaps they are not there now; perhaps they are grown forlorn and dilapidated — indeed, they never were very splendid! — and have been hustled away into some dim lumber-room, from whose corners they glare out at the

errant call-boy of the theatre, and frighten him into fits. Daniel Lambert, in scarlet waistcoat and knee-breeches! the "Drunkard's Career," the bare recollection of which brings a thrill of horror, — there was one child at least who regarded you as miracles of art!

Speaking of wax reminds me of Monsieur N——, who gave us, I am inclined to think, our first French lessons, besides those we received from our mother. He was a very French Frenchman, with blond mustache and imperial waxed à la Louis Napoleon, and a military carriage. He had been a soldier, and taught fencing as well as French, though not to us. This unhappy gentleman had married a Smyrniote woman, out of gratitude to her family, who had rescued him from some pressing danger. Apparently he did them a great service by marrying the young woman and taking her away, for she had a violent temper,— was, in short, a perfect vixen. The evils of this were perhaps lessened by the fact that she could not speak French, while her husband had no knowl-

edge of her native Greek. It is the simple truth that this singular couple in their disputes, which unfortunately were many, used often to come and ask our father to act as interpreter between them. Monsieur N—— himself was a kind man, and a very good teacher.

There is a tale told of a christening feast which he gave in honor of Candide, his eldest child. Julia and Flossy were invited, and also the governess of the time, whoever she was. The company went in two hacks to the priest's house, where the ceremony was to be performed; on the way the rival hackmen fell out, and jeered at each other, and, whipping up their lean horses, made frantic efforts each to obtain the front rank in the small cortége. Whereupon Monsieur N——, very angry at this infringement of the dignity of the occasion, thrust his head out of the window and shrieked to his hackman:—

"Firts or sekind, vich you bleece!" which delighted the children more than any other part of the entertainment.

There was poor Miss R——, whom I re-

call with mingled dislike and compassion. She must have been very young, and she had about as much idea of managing children (we required a great deal of managing) as a tree might have. Her one idea of discipline was to give us "misdemeanors," which in ordinary speech were "black marks." What is it I hear her say in the monotonous sing-song voice which always exasperated us? — "Doctor, Laura has had fourteen misdemeanors!" Then Laura was put to bed, no doubt very properly; but she has always felt that she need not have had the "misdemeanors" if the teaching had been a little different. Miss R—— it was who took away the glass eye-cup; therefore I am aware that I cannot think of her with clear and unprejudiced mind. But she must have had bitter times with us, poor thing! I can distinctly remember Flossy urging Harry, with fiery zeal, not to recite his geography lesson, — I cannot imagine why.

Miss R—— often rocked in the junk with us. That reminds me that I promised to describe the junk. But how shall I picture

that perennial fount of joy? It was crescent-shaped, or rather it was like a longitudinal slice cut out of a watermelon. Magnify the slice a hundred-fold; put seats up and down the sides, with iron bars in front to hold on by; set it on two grooved rails and paint it red, — there you have the junk! Nay! you have it not entire; for it should be filled with rosy, shouting children, standing or sitting, holding on by the bars and rocking with might and main, —

> "Yo-ho! Here we go!
> Up and down! Heigh-ho!"

Why are there no junks nowadays? Surely it would be better for us, body and mind, if there were; for, as for the one, the rocking exercised every muscle in the whole bodily frame, and as for the other, black Care could not enter the junk (at least he did not), nor weariness, nor "shadow of annoyance." There ought to be a junk on Boston Common, free to all, and half a dozen in Central Park; and I hope every young person who reads these words will suggest this device to his parents or guardians.

But teaching is not entirely confined to the archery practice of the young idea; and any account of our teachers would be incomplete without mention of our dancing-master, — of *the* dancing-master, for there was but one. You remember that the dandy in "Punch," being asked of whom he buys his hats, replies: "Scott. Is there another fellah?" Even so it would be difficult for the Boston generation of middle or elder life to acknowledge that there could have been "another fellah" to teach dancing besides Lorenzo Papanti. Who does not remember — nay! who could ever forget — that tall, graceful figure; that marvellous elastic glide, like a wave flowing over glass? Who could ever forget the shrewd, kindly smile when he was pleased, the keen lightning of his glance when angered? What if he did rap our toes sometimes till the timorous wept, and those of stouter heart flushed scarlet, and clenched their small hands and inly vowed revenge? No doubt we richly deserved it, and it did us good.

If I were to hear a certain strain played in the desert of Sahara or on the plains of Idaho, I should instantly "forward and back and cross over," — and so, I warrant, would most of my generation of Boston people. There is one grave and courteous gentleman of my acquaintance, whom to see dance the shawl-dance with his fairy sister was a dream of poetry. As for the gavotte — O beautiful Amy! O lovely Alice! I see you now, with your short, silken skirts flowing out to extreme limit of crinoline; with your fair locks confined by the discreet net, sometimes of brown or scarlet chenille, sometimes of finest silk; with snowy stockings, and slippers fastened by elastic bands crossed over the foot and behind the ankle; with arms and neck bare. If your daughters to-day chance upon a photograph of you taken in those days, they laugh and ask mamma how she could wear such queer things, and make such a fright of herself! But I remember how lovely you were, and how perfectly you always dressed, and with what exquisite grace you danced the gavotte.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

So, I think, all we who jumped and changed our feet, who pirouetted and chasséed under Mr. Papanti, owe him a debt of gratitude. His hall was a paradise, the stiff little dressing-room, with its rows of shoe-boxes, the antechamber of delight, — and thereby hangs a tale. The child Laura grew up, and married one who had jumped and changed his feet beside her at Papanti's, and they two went to Europe and saw many strange lands and things; and it fell upon a time that they were storm-bound in a little wretch of a grimy steamer in the Gulf of Corinth. With them was a travelling companion who also had had the luck to be born in Boston, and to go to dancing-school; the other passengers were a Greek, an Italian, and — I think the third was a German, but as he was seasick it made no difference. Three days were we shut up there while the storm raged and bellowed, and right thankful we were for the snug little harbor which stretched its protecting arms between us and the white churning waste of billows outside the bar.

We played games to make the time pass;

we talked endlessly, — and in the course of talk it naturally came to pass that we told of our adventures, and where we came from, and, in short, who we were. The Greek gentleman turned out to be an old acquaintance of our father, and was greatly overjoyed to see me, and told me many interesting things about the old fighting-days of the revolution. The Italian spoke little during this conversation, but when he heard the word "Boston" he pricked up his ears; and when a pause came, he asked if we came from Boston. "Yes," we all answered, with the inward satisfaction which every Bostonian feels at being able to make the reply. And had we ever heard, in Boston, he went on to inquire, of "un certo Papanti, maestro di ballo?" "Heard of him!" cried the three dancing-school children, — "we never heard of any one else!" Thereupon ensued much delighted questioning and counter-questioning. This gentleman came from Leghorn, Mr. Papanti's native city. He knew his family; they were excellent people. Lorenzo himself he had never seen, as he left Italy so

many years ago; but reports had reached Leghorn that he was very successful, — that he taught the best people (O Beacon street! O purple windows and brown-stone fronts, I should think so!); that he had invented "un piano sopra molle," a floor on springs. Was this true? Whereupon we took up our parable, and unfolded to the Livornese mind the glory of Papanti, till he fairly glowed with pride in his famous fellow-townsman.

And, finally, was not this a pleasant little episode in a storm-bound steamer in the Gulf of Corinth?

CHAPTER IX.

OUR FRIENDS.

We had so many friends that I hardly know where to begin. First of all, perhaps, I should put the dear old Scotch lady whom we called "D. D." She had another name, but that is nobody's business but her own. D. D. was a thousand years old. She always said so when we asked her age, and she certainly ought to have known. No one would have thought it to look at her, for she had not a single gray hair, and her eyes were as bright and black as a young girl's. One of the pleasantest things about her was the way she dressed, in summer particularly. She wore a gown of white dimity, always spotlessly clean, made with a single plain skirt, and a jacket. The jacket was a little open in front, showing a handkerchief of white net fastened with a brooch of hair in the shape of a harp.

Fashions made no difference to D. D. People might wear green or yellow or purple, as they pleased, — she wore her white dimity; and we children knew instinctively that it was the prettiest and most becoming dress that she could have chosen.

Another wonderful thing about D. D. was her store-closet. There never was such a closet as that! It was all full of glass jars, and the jars were full of cinnamon and nutmeg and cloves and raisins, and all manner of good things. Yes, and they were not screwed down tight, as jars are likely to be nowadays; but one could take off the top, and see what was inside; and if it was cinnamon, one might take even a whole stick, and D. D. would not mind. Sometimes a friend of hers who lived at the South would send her a barrel of oranges (she called it a "bar'l of awnges," because she was Scotch, and we thought it sounded a great deal prettier than the common way), and then we had glorious times; for D. D. thought oranges were very good for us, and we thought so too. Then she had some very delightful and

interesting drawers, full of old daguerreotypes and pieces of coral, and all kinds of alicumtweezles. Have I explained before that "alicumtweezles" are nearly the same as "picknickles" and "bucknickles"?

D. D.'s son was a gallant young soldier, and it was his hair that she wore in the harp-shaped brooch. Many of the daguerreotypes were of him, and he certainly was as handsome a fellow as any mother could wish a son to be. When we went to take tea with D. D., which was quite often, we always looked over her treasures, and asked the same questions over and over, the dear old lady never losing patience with us. And such jam as we had for tea! D. D.'s jams and jellies were famous, and she often made our whole provision of sweet things for the winter. Then we were sure of having the best quince marmalade and the clearest jelly; while as for the peach marmalade — no words can describe it!

D. D. was a wonderful nurse; and when we were ill she often came and helped our mother in taking care of us. Then she

would sing us her song, — a song that no one but D. D. and the fortunate children who had her for a friend ever heard. It is such a good song that I must write it down, being very sure that D. D. would not care.

"There was an old man, and he was mad,
And he ran up the steeple;
He took off his great big hat,
And waved it over the people."

To D. D. we owe the preservation of one of Laura's first compositions, written when she was ten years old. She gave it to the good lady, who kept it for many years in her treasure-drawer till Laura's own children were old enough to read it. It is a story, and is called —

LOST AND FOUND.

Marion Gray, a lovely girl of thirteen, one day tied on her gypsy hat, and, singing a merry song, bade good-by to her mother, and ran quickly toward the forest. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Gray, a celebrated nobleman in great favor with the king, and consequently Marion had everything she wished for. When she reached

the wood she set her basket down under a chestnut-tree, and climbing up into the branches she shook them till the ripe fruit came tumbling down. She then jumped down, and having filled her basket was proceeding to another tree, when all of a sudden a dark-looking man stepped out, who, when she attempted to fly, struck her severely with a stick, and she fell senseless to the ground.

Meanwhile all was in confusion at the manor-house. Marion's faithful dog Carlo had seen the man lurking in the thicket, and had tried to warn his mistress of the danger. But seeing she did not mind, the minute he saw the man prepare to spring out he had run to the house. He made them understand that some one had stolen Marion. "Who, Carlo, who?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Carlo instantly picked up some A-B-C blocks which lay on the floor, and putting together the letters that form the word "Gypsies," looked up at his master and wagged his tail. "The Gypsies!" exclaimed Sir Edward; "alas! if the gypsies have stolen our child, we shall never see her again." Nevertheless they searched and searched the wood, but no trace of her was to be found.

. . . . . .

"Hush! here she is! Is n't she a beauty?"

"Yes! but what is her name?"

"Marion Gray. I picked her up in the wood.

A splendid addition to our train, for she can beg charity and a night's lodging; and then the easiest thing in the world is just to find out where they keep the key, and let us in. Hush! hush! she 's coming to."

These words were spoken by a withered hag of seventy and the man who had stolen her. Slowly Marion opened her eyes, and what was her horror to find herself in a gypsy camp!

I will skip over the five long years of pain and suffering, and come to the end of my story. Five years have passed, and the new king sits on his royal throne, judging and condemning a band of gypsies. They are all condemned but one young girl, who stands with downcast eyes before him; but when she hears her doom, she raises her dark flashing eyes on the king. A piercing shriek is heard, the crown and sceptre roll down the steps of the throne, and Marion Gray is clasped in her father's arms!

Another dear friend was Miss Mary. She was a small, brisk woman, with "New England" written all over her. She used to stay with us a good deal, helping my mother in household matters, or writing for our father; and we all loved her dearly. She

had the most beautiful hair, masses and masses of it, of a deep auburn, and waving in a lovely fashion. She it was who used to say, "Hurrah for Jackson!" whenever anything met her special approval; and we all learned to say it too, and to this day some of us cheer the name of "Old Hickory," who has been in his grave these fifty years. Miss Mary came of seafaring people, and had many strange stories of wreck and tempest, of which we were never weary. Miss Mary's energy was untiring, her activity unceasing. She used to make long woodland expeditions with us in the woods around the Valley, leading the way "over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier," finding all manner of wild-wood treasures, — creeping-jenny, and ferns and mosses without end, — which were brought home to decorate the parlors. She knew the name of every plant, and what it was good for. She knew when the barberries must be gathered, and when the mullein flowers were ready. She walked so fast and so far that she wore out an unreasonable number of shoes in a season.

Speaking of her shoes reminds me that at the fire of which I spoke in a previous chapter, at the Institution for the Blind, Miss Mary was the first person to give the alarm. She had on a brand-new pair of morocco slippers when the fire broke out, and by the time it was extinguished they were in holes. This will give you some idea of Miss Mary's energy.

Then there was Mr. Ford, one of the very best of our friends. He was a sort of factotum of our father, and, like The Bishop in the "Bab Ballads," was "short and stout and round-about, and zealous as could be." We were very fond of trotting at his heels, and loved to pull him about and tease him, which the good man never seemed to resent. Once, however, we carried our teasing too far, as you shall hear. One day our mother was sitting quietly at her writing, thinking that the children were all happy and good, and possessing her soul in patience. Suddenly to her appeared Julia, her hair flying, eyes wide open, mouth ditto, — the picture of despair.

"Oh, Mamma!" gasped the child, "I have done the most dreadful thing! Oh, the most dreadful, terrible thing!"

"What is it?" exclaimed our mother, dropping her pen in distress; "what have you done, dear? Tell me quickly!"

"Oh, I cannot tell you!" sobbed the child; "I cannot!"

"Have you set the house on fire?" cried our mother.

"Oh, worse than that!" gasped poor Julia, "much worse!"

"Have you dropped the baby?"

"Worse than that!"

Now, there *was* nothing worse than dropping the baby, so our mother began to feel relieved.

"Tell me at once, Julia," she said, "what you have done!"

"I — I —" sobbed poor Julia, — "I pulled — I pulled — off — Mr. Ford's wig!"

There were few people we loved better than Tomty, the gardener. This dear, good man must have been a martyr to our pranks, and the only wonder is that he was able to

do any gardening at all. It was "Tomty" here and "Tomty" there, from morning till night. When Laura wanted her bonnet-strings tied (oh, that odious little bonnet! with the rows of pink and green quilled ribbon which was always coming off), she never thought of going into the house to Mary, though Mary was good and kind too, — she always ran to Tomty, who must "lay down the shovel and the hoe," and fashion bow-knots with his big, clumsy, good-natured fingers. When Harry was playing out in the hot sun without a hat, and Mary called to him to come in like a good boy and get his hat, did he go? Oh, no! He tumbled the potatoes or apples out of Tomty's basket, and put that on his head instead of a hat, and it answered just as well.

Poor, dear Tomty! He went to California in later years, and was cruelly murdered by some base wretches for the sake of a little money which he had saved.

Somehow we had not very many friends of our own age. I suppose one reason was that we were so many ourselves that there were always enough to have a good time.

There were one or two little girls who used to go with us on the famous maying-parties, which were great occasions. On May-day morning we would take to ourselves baskets, — some full of goodies, some empty, — and start for a pleasant wooded place not far from Green Peace. Here, on a sunny slope where the savins grew not too thickly to prevent the sun from shining merrily down on the mossy sward, we would pitch our tent (only there was no tent), and prepare to be perfectly happy. We gathered such early flowers as were to be found, and made garlands of them; we chose a queen and crowned her; and then we had a feast, which was really the object of the whole expedition.

It was the proper thing to buy certain viands for this feast, the home dainties being considered not sufficiently rare.

Well, we ate our oranges and nibbled our cocoanut, and the older ones drank the milk, if there was any in the nut: this was considered the very height of luxury, and the little ones knew it was too much for them

to expect. I cannot remember whether we were generally ill after these feasts, but I think it highly probable.

In mentioning our friends, is it right to pass over the good "four-footers," who were so patient with us, and bore with so many of our vagaries? Can we ever forget Oggy the Steamboat, so called from the loudness of her purring? Do not some of us still think with compunction of the day when this good cat was put in a tin pan, and covered over with a pot-lid, while on the lid was set her deadly enemy Ella, the fat King Charles spaniel? What a snarling ensued! what growls, hisses, yells, mingled with the clashing of tin and the "unseemly laughter" of naughty children!

And Lion, the good Newfoundland dog, who let us ride on his back — when he was in the mood, and tumbled us off when he was not! He was a dear dog; but Fannie, his mate, was anything but amiable, and sometimes gave sore offence to visitors by snapping at their heels and growling.

But if the cats and dogs suffered from us,

we suffered from José! O José! what a tyrannous little beast you were! Never was a brown donkey prettier, I am quite sure; never did a brown donkey have his own way so completely.

Whether a child could take a ride or not depended entirely on whether José was in the mood for it. If not, he trotted a little way till he got the child alone; and then he calmly rubbed off his rider against a tree or fence, and trotted away to the stable. Of course this was when we were very little; but by the time the little ones were big enough to manage him José was dead; so some of us never "got even with him," as the boys say. When the dearest uncle in the world sent us the donkey-carriage, things went better; for the obstinate little brown gentleman could not get rid of that, of course, and there were many delightful drives, with much jingling of harness and all manner of style and splendor.

These were some of our friends, two-footers and four-footers. There were many others, of course, but time and space fail to tell of

them. After all, perhaps they were just like other children's friends. I must not weary my readers by rambling on indefinitely in these long-untrodden paths; but I wish other children could have heard Oggy purr!

CHAPTER X.

OUR GUESTS.

MANY interesting visitors came and went, both at Green Peace and the Valley, — many more than I can recollect. The visit of Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, made no impression upon me, as I was only a year old when he came to this country; but there was a great reception for him at Green Peace, and many people assembled to do honor to the brave man who had tried so hard to free his country from the Austrian yoke, and had so nearly succeeded. I remember a certain hat, which we younger children firmly believed to have been his, though I have since been informed that we were mistaken. At all events, we used to play with the hat (I wonder whose it was!) under this impression, and it formed an

important element in "dressing up," which was one of our chief delights.

One child would put on Kossuth's hat, another Lord Byron's helmet, — a superb affair of steel and gold, which had been given to our father in Greece, after Byron's death (we ought not to have been allowed to touch so precious a relic, far less to dress up in it!); while a third would appropriate a charming little square Polish cap of fine scarlet, which ought to have belonged to Thaddeus of Warsaw, but did not, I fear.

What pleasant things we had to dress up in! There was our father's wedding-coat, bright blue, with brass buttons; and the waistcoat he had worn with it, white satin with raised velvet flowers, — such a fine waistcoat! There were two embroidered crape gowns which had been our grandmother's, with waists a few inches long, and long, skimp skirts; and the striped blue and yellow moiré, which our mother had worn in some private theatricals, — that was beyond description! And the white gauze with gold flounces — oh! and the peach-blossom silk with flowers all over it — ah!

But this is a digression, and has nothing whatever to do with our guests, who never played "dressing up," that I can remember.

One of our most frequent visitors at Green Peace was the great statesman and patriot, Charles Sumner. He was a very dear friend of our father, and they loved to be together whenever the strenuous business of their lives would permit.

We children used to call Mr. Sumner "the Harmless Giant;" and indeed he was very kind to us, and had always a pleasant word for us in that deep, melodious voice which no one, once hearing it, could ever forget. He towered above us to what seemed an enormous height; yet we were told that he stood six feet in his stockings, — no more. This impression being made on Laura's mind, she was used to employ the great senator as an imaginary foot-rule (six-foot rule, I should say), and, until she was almost a woman grown, would measure a thing in her own mind by saying "two feet higher than Mr. Sumner," or "twice as high as Mr. Summer," as the case might be. I

can remember him carrying the baby Maud on his shoulder, and bowing his lofty crest to pass through the doorway. Sometimes his mother, Madam Sumner, came with him, a gracious and charming old lady. I am told that on a day when she was spending an hour at Green Peace, and sitting in the parlor window with our mother, Laura felt it incumbent upon her to entertain the distinguished visitor; so, being arrayed in her best white frock, she took up her station on the gravel path below the window, and filling a little basket with gravel, proceeded to pour it over her head, exclaiming, "Mit Humner! hee my ektibiton!" This meant "exhibition." Laura could not pronounce the letter *S* in childhood's happy hour. "Mamma," she would say, if she saw our mother look grave, "Id you had? Why id you had?" and then she would bring a doll's dish, or it might be a saucepan, and give it to her mother and say, with infinite satisfaction, "Dere! 'mooge you'helf wid dat!"

Another ever welcome guest was John A. Andrew, the great War Governor, as we

loved to call him. He was not governor in those days, — that is, when I first remember him; but he was then, as always, one of the most delightful of men. Who else could tell a story with such exquisite humor? The stories themselves were better than any others, but his way of telling them set every word in gold. The very sound of his voice made the air brighter and warmer, and his own delightful atmosphere of sunny geniality went always with him. That was a wonderful evening when at one of our parties some scenes from Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" were given. Our mother was Countess Gruffanuff, our father Kutasoff Hedzoff; Governor Andrew took the part of Prince Bulbo, while Flossy made a sprightly Angelica, and Julia as Betsinda was a vision of rarest beauty. I cannot remember who was Prince Giglio, but the figure of Bulbo, with closely curling hair, his fine face aglow with merriment, and the magic rose in his buttonhole, comes distinctly before me.

Who were the guests at those dinner-

parties so well remembered? Alas! I know not. Great people they often were, famous men and women, who talked, no doubt, brilliantly and delightfully. But is it their conversation which lingers like a charm in my memory? Again, alas! my recollection is of finger-bowls, crimson and purple, which sang beneath the wetted finger of some kindly elder; of almonds and raisins, and bonbons mystic, wonderful, all gauze and tinsel and silver paper, with flat pieces of red sugar within. The red sugar was something of an anticlimax after the splendors of its envelope, being insipidly sweet, with no special flavor. The scent of coffee comes back to me, rich, delicious, breathing of "the golden days of good Hároun Alraschid." We were never allowed to drink coffee or tea; but standing by our mother's chair, just before saying good-night, we received the most exquisite dainty the world afforded, — a "coffee-duck," which to the ignorant is explained to be a lump of sugar dipped in coffee (black coffee, *bien entendu*) and held in the amber liquid till it begins to melt

in delicious "honeycomb" (this was probably the true ambrosia of the gods); and then we said good-night, and — and — went and begged the cook for a "whip," or some "floating-island," or a piece of frosted cake! Was it strange that occasionally, after one of these feasts, Laura could not sleep, and was smitten with the "terror by night" (it was generally a locomotive which was coming in at the window to annihilate her; Julia was the one who used to weep at night for fear of foxes), and would come trotting down into the lighted drawing-room, among all the silks and satins, arrayed in the simple garment known as a "leg-nightgown," demanding her mother? Ay, and I remember that she always got her mother, too.

But these guests? I remember the great Professor Agassiz, with his wise, kindly face and genial smile. I can see him putting sugar into his coffee, lump after lump, till it stood up above the liquid like one of his own glaciers. I remember all the "Abolition" leaders, for our own parents were stanch Abolitionists, and worked heart and soul for

the cause of freedom. I remember when Swedish ships came into Boston Harbor, probably for the express purpose of filling our parlors with fair-haired officers, wonderful, magnificent, shining with epaulets and buttons. There may have been other reasons for the visit; there may have been deep political designs, and all manner of mysteries relating to the peace of nations. I know not. But I know that there was a little midshipman in white trousers, who danced with Laura, and made her a bow afterward and said, "I tanks you for de polska." He was a dear little midshipman! There was an admiral too, who corresponded more or less with Southey's description, —

> "And last of all an admiral came,
> A terrible man with a terrible name, —
> A name which, you all must know very well,
> Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell."

The admiral said to Harry, "I understand you shall not go to sea in future times?" and that is all I remember about him.

I remember Charlotte Cushman, the great actress and noble woman, who was a dear

friend of our mother; with a deep, vibrating, melodious voice, and a strong, almost masculine face, which was full of wisdom and kindliness.

I remember Edwin Booth, in the early days, when his brilliant genius and the splendor of his melancholy beauty were taking all hearts by storm. He was very shy, this all-powerful Richelieu, this conquering Richard, this princely Hamlet. He came to a party given in his honor by our mother, and instead of talking to all the fine people who were dying for a word with him, he spent nearly the whole evening in a corner with little Maud, who enjoyed herself immensely. What wonder, when he made dolls for her out of handkerchiefs, and danced them with dramatic fervor? She was very gracious to Mr. Booth, which was a good thing; for one never knew just what Maud would say or do. Truth compels me to add that she was the *enfant terrible* of the family, and that the elders always trembled when visitors noticed or caressed the beautiful child.

One day, I remember, a very wise and learned man came to Green Peace to see our mother, — a man of high reputation, and withal a valued friend. He was fond of children, and took Maud on his knee, meaning to have a pleasant chat with her. But Maud fixed her great gray eyes on him, and surveyed him with an air of keen and hostile criticism. "What makes all those little red lines in your nose?" she asked, after an ominous silence. Mr. H ——, somewhat taken aback, explained as well as he could the nature of the veins, and our mother was about to send the child on some suddenly-bethought-of errand, when her clear, melodious voice broke out again, relentless, insistent: "Do you know, I think you are the ugliest man I ever saw in my life!" "That will do, Maud!" said Mr. H ——, putting her down from his knee. "You are charming, but you may go now, my dear." Then he and our mother both tried to become very much interested in metaphysics; and next day he went and asked a mutual friend if he were really the ugliest man that

ever was seen, telling her what Maud had said.

Again, there was a certain acquaintance — long since dead — who was in the habit of making interminable calls at Green Peace, and who would talk by the hour together without pausing. Our parents were often wearied by this gentleman's conversational powers, and one of them (let this be a warning to young and old) chanced one day to speak of him in Maud's hearing as "a great bore." This was enough! The next time the unlucky talker appeared, the child ran up to him, and greeted him cordially with, "How do you do, bore? Oh, you great bore!" A quick-witted friend who was in the room instantly asked Mr. S —— if he had seen the copy of Snyder's "Boar Hunt" which our father had lately bought, thinking it better that he should fancy himself addressed as a beast of the forest than as *Borus humanus;* but he kept his own counsel, and we never knew what he really thought of Maud's greeting.

But of all visitors at either house, there

was one whom we loved more than all others put together. Marked with a white stone was the happy day which brought the wonderful uncle, the fairy godfather, the realization of all that is delightful in man, to Green Peace or the Valley. Uncle Sam Ward! — uncle by adoption to half the young people he knew, but our very own uncle, our mother's beloved brother. We might have said to him, with Shelley, —

> "Rarely, rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of delight!"

for he was a busy man, and Washington was a long way off; but when he did come, as I said, it was a golden day. We fairly smothered him, — each child wanting to sit on his knee, to see his great watch, and the wonderful sapphire that he always wore on his little finger. Then he must sing for us; and he would sing the old Studenten Lieder in his full, joyous voice; but he must always wind up with "Balzoroschko Schnego" (at least that is what it sounded like), a certain Polish drinking-song, in which he sneezed

and yodeled, and did all kinds of wonderful things.

Then would come an hour of quiet talk with our mother, when we knew enough to be silent and listen, — feeling, perhaps, rather than realizing that it was not a common privilege to listen to such talk.

"No matter how much I may differ from Sam Ward in principles or opinion," said Charles Sumner once, "when I have been with him five minutes, I forget everything except that he is the most delightful man in the world."

Again (but this was the least part of the pleasure), he never came empty-handed. Now it was a basket of wonderful peaches, which he thought might rival ours; now a gold bracelet for a niece's wrist; now a beautiful book, or a pretty dress-pattern that had caught his eye in some shop-window. Now he came direct from South America, bringing for our mother a silver pitcher which he had won as a prize at a shooting-match in Paraguay. One of us will never forget being waked in the gray dawn of a

summer morning at the Valley, by the sound of a voice singing outside, — will never forget creeping to the window and peeping out through the blinds. There on the door-step stood the fairy uncle, with a great basket of peaches beside him; and he was singing the lovely old French song, which has always since then seemed to me to belong to him:

"Noble Châtelaine,
Voyez notre peine,
Et dans vos domaines
Rendez charité!
Voyez le disgrace
Qui nous menace,
Et donnez, par grace,
L'hospitalité!
Toi que je révère,
Entends ma prière.
O Dieu tutelaire,
Viens dans ta bonté,
Pour sauver l'innocence,
Et que ta puissance
Un jour recompense
L'hospitalité!"

There is no sweeter song. And do you think we did not tumble into our clothes and rush down, in wrappers, in petticoats, in whatever gown could be most quickly put